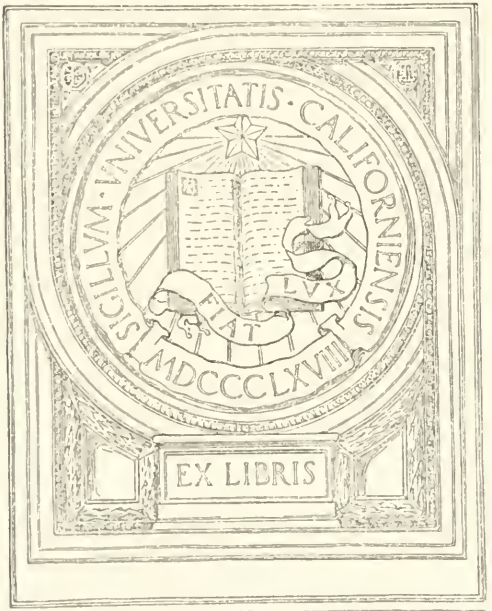
BEN JONSON'S
UNDERWOODS

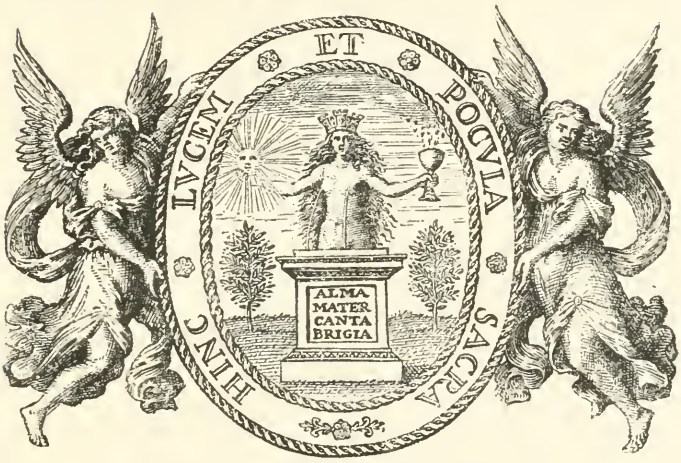
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



BEN JONSON'S
UNDERWOODS

Of this Edition, printed in the Cambridge type upon hand-made paper, two hundred & fifty copies have been printed, of which two hundred and twenty-five are for sale in England and America, & the type has been distributed.

UNDERWOODS
BY BEN JONSON



PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY
PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, & PUBLISHED
AT THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY
PRESS WAREHOUSE, FETTER LANE,
LONDON, E.C. MCMV

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES
LIBRARY

http://www.archive.org/details/underwoods00jons

UNDER-WOODS.

CONSISTING OF DIVERS *POEMS.*

By

BEN. JOHNSON.

Martial—*Cineri, gloria sera venit.*

LONDON.
Printed M.DC.XL.

To The Reader.

WITH the same, leave the Ancients, call'd that kind of body Sylva, *or* ΥΛΗ, *in which there were workes of divers nature, and matter congested; as the multitude call Timber-trees, promiscuously growing, a* Wood, *or* Forrest: *so am I bold to entitle these lesser Poems, of later growth, by this of* Under-wood, *out of the Analogie they hold to the* Forrest, *in my former booke, and no otherwise.*

BEN. JOHNSON.

PR
2625
L56
1640a

UNDER-WOODS.

POEMS

OF DEVOTION.

The Sinners Sacrifice.

To the Holy Trinitie.

1. O holy, blessed, glorious *Trinitie*
Of persons, still one God, in *Unitie.*
The faithfull mans beleeved Mysterie,
Helpe, helpe to lift

2. My selfe up to thee, harrow'd, torne and bruis'd
By sinne, and Sathan; and my flesh misus'd,
As my heart lies in peeces, all confus'd,
O take my gift.

3. All-gracious God, *the Sinners sacrifice.*
A broken heart thou wert not wont despise,
But 'bove the fat of rammes, or bulls, to prize
An offring meet,

4. For thy acceptance. O, behold me right,
And take compassion on my grievous plight.
What odour can be, then a heart contrite,
To thee more sweet?

417820

5. *Eternall Father*, God, who did'st create
This All of nothing, gavest it forme, and fate,
And breath'st into it, life, and light, with state
To worship thee.

6. *Eternall God the Sonne*, who not denyd'st
To take our nature; becam'st man, and dyd'st,
To pay our debts, upon thy Crosse, and cryd'st
All's done in me.

7. *Eternall Spirit*, God from both proceeding,
Father and Sonne; the Comforter, in breeding
Pure thoughts in man: with fiery zeale them feeding
For acts of grace.

8. Increase those acts, ô glorious *Trinitie*
Of persons, still one God in *Unitie;*
Till I attaine the long'd-for mysterie
Of seeing your face.

9. Beholding one in three, and three in one,
A *Trinitie*, to shine in *Unitie;*
The gladdest light, darke man can thinke upon;
O grant it me!

10. Father, and Sonne, and Holy Ghost, you three
All coeternall in your Majestie,
Distinct in persons, yet in Unitie
One God to see.

11. My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier.
To heare, to meditate, sweeten my desire,
With grace, with love, with cherishing intire,
O, then how blest;

12. Among thy Saints elected to abide,
And with thy Angels, placed side, by side,
But in thy presence, truly glorified
Shall I there rest?

A Hymne to God the Father.

HEARE mee, O God!
A broken heart,
Is my best part:
Use still thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein, thy Love.

If thou hadst not
Beene sterne to mee,
But left me free,
I had forgot
My selfe and thee.

For, sin's so sweet.
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Untill they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Then thou hast done:
That gav'st a Sonne,
To free a slave?
First made of nought;
Withall since bought.

Sinne, Death, and Hell,
His glorious Name
Quite overcame,
Yet I rebell,
And slight the same.

But, I'le come in,
Before my losse,
Me farther tosse,
As sure to win
Under his Crosse.

A Hymne

On the Nativitie of my Saviour.

I sing the birth, was borne to night,
The Author both of Life, and light;
The Angels so did sound it,
And like the ravish'd Sheep'erds said,
Who saw the light, and were afraid,
Yet search'd, and true they found it.

The Sonne of God, th' Eternall King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soule from danger;
Hee whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, which heaven, and earth did make;
Was now laid in a Manger.

The Fathers wisedome will'd it so,
The Sonnes obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature;
And as that wisedome had decreed,
The Word was now made Flesh indeed,
And took on him our Nature.

What comfort by him doe wee winne?
Who made himselfe the price of sinne,
To make us heires of glory?
To see this Babe, all innocence;
A Martyr borne in our defence;
Can man forget this Storie?

A Celebration of Charis in ten Lyrick Peeces.

I.

His Excuse for loving.

LET it not your wonder move,
Lesse your laughter ; that I love.
Though I now write fiftie yeares,
I have had, and have my Peeres ;
Poëts, though devine are men :
Some have lov'd as old agen.
And it is not alwayes face,
Clothes, or Fortune gives the grace ;
Or the feature, or the youth :
But the Language, and the Truth,
With the Ardor, and the Passion,
Gives the Lover weight, and fashion.
If you then will read the Storie,
First, prepare you to be sorie,
That you never knew till now,
Either whom to love, or how :
But be glad, as soone with me,
When you know, that this is she,
Of whose Beautie it was sung,
She shall make the old man young.
Keepe the middle age at stay,
And let nothing high decay.
Till she be the reason why,
All the world for love may die.

2.

How he saw her.

I beheld her, on a Day,
When her looke out-flourisht May:
And her dressing did out-brave
All the Pride the fields than have:
Farre I was from being stupid,
For I ran and call'd on *Cupid;*
Love if thou wilt ever see
Marke of glorie, come with me;
Where's thy Quiver? bend thy Bow:
Here's a shaft, thou art to slow!
And (withall) I did untie
Every Cloud about his eye;
But, he had not gain'd his sight
Sooner, then he lost his might,
Or his courage; for away
Strait hee ran, and durst not stay,
Letting Bow and Arrow fall,
Nor for any threat, or Call,
Could be brought once back to looke,
I foole-hardie, there up tooke
Both the Arrow he had quit,
And the Bow: which thought to hit
This my object. But she threw
Such a Lightning (as I drew)
At my face, that tooke my sight,
And my motion from me quite;
So that there, I stood a stone,
Mock'd of all: and call'd of one
(Which with griefe and wrath I heard)
Cupids Statue with a Beard,
Or else one that plaid his Ape,
In a *Hercules*—his shape.

3.

What hee suffered.

AFTER many scornes like these,
Which the prouder Beauties please,
She content was to restore
Eyes and limbes; to hurt me more
And would on Conditions, be
Reconcil'd to Love, and me
First, that I must kneeling yeeld
Both the Bow, and shaft I held
Unto her; which love might take
At her hand, with oath, to make
Mee, the scope of his next draught
Aymed, with that selfe-same shaft
He no sooner heard the Law,
But the Arrow home did draw
And (to gaine her by his Art)
Left it sticking in my heart:
Which when she beheld to bleed,
She repented of the deed,
And would faine have chang'd the fate,
But the Pittie comes too late.
Looser-like, now, all my wreake
Is, that I have leave to speake,
And in either Prose, or Song,
To revenge me with my Tongue,
Which how Dexterously I doe
Heare and make Example too.

4.

Her Triumph.

SEE the Chariot at hand here of Love
Wherein my Lady rideth!
Each that drawes, is a Swan, or a Dove
And well the Carre Love guideth.

As she goes, all hearts doe duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamour'd, doe wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were, to run by her side,
Through Swords, through Seas, whether she would ride.

Doe but looke on her eyes, they doe light
All that Loves world compriseth!
Doe but looke on her Haire, it is bright
As Loves starre when it riseth!
Doe but marke her forhead's smoother
Then words that sooth her!
And from her arched browes, such a grace
Sheds it selfe through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the Gaine, all the Good, of the Elements strife.

Have you seene but a bright Lillie growe,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Ha' you mark'd but the fall o' the Snow
Before the soyle hath smutch'd it?
Ha' you felt the wooll of Bever?
Or Swans Downe ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the Brier?
Or the Nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the Bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

5.

His discourse with Cupid.

NOBLEST *Charis*, you that are
Both my fortune, and my Starre!
And doe governe more my blood,
Then the various Moone the flood!

Heare, what late Discourse of you,
Love, and I have had; and true.
'Mongst my Muses finding me,
Where he chanc't your name to see
Set, and to this softer straine;
Sure, said he, if I have Braine,
This here sung, can be no other
By description, but my Mother!
So hath *Homer* prais'd her haire;
So, *Anacreon* drawne the Ayre
Of her face, and made to rise
Just about her sparkling eyes,
Both her Browes, bent like my Bow.
By her lookes I doe her know,
Which you call my Shafts. And see!
Such my Mothers blushes be,
As the Bath your verse discloses
In her cheekes, of Milke, and Roses;
Such as oft I wanton in?
And, above her even chin,
Have you plac'd the banke of kisses,
Where you say, men gather blisses,
Rip'ned with a breath more sweet,
Then when flowers, and West-winds meet.
Nay, her white and polish'd neck,
With the Lace that doth it deck,
Is my Mothers! Hearts of slaine
Lovers, made into a Chaine!
And betweene each rising breast,
Lyes the Valley, cal'd my nest,
Where I sit and proyne my wings
After flight; and put new stings
To my shafts! Her very Name,
With my Mothers is the same.
I confesse all, I replide,
And the Glasse hangs by her side,

And the Girdle 'bout her waste,
All is *Venus:* save unchaste.
But alas, thou seest the least
Of her good, who is the best
Of her Sex; But could'st thou *Love*,
Call to mind the formes, that strove
For the Apple, and those three
Make in one, the same were shee.
For this Beauty yet doth hide,
Something more then thou hast spi'd
Outward Grace weake love beguiles:
Shee is *Venus*, when she smiles,
But shee's *Juno*, when she walkes,
And *Minerva*, when she talkes.

6.

Clayming a second kisse by Desert.

CHARIS guesse, and doe not misse,
Since I drew a Morning kisse
From your lips, and suck'd an ayre
Thence, as sweet, as you are faire.
What my Muse and I have done:
Whether we have lost, or wonne,
If by us, the oddes were laid,
That the Bride (allow'd a Maid)
Look'd not halfe so fresh, and faire,
With th' advantage of her haire,
And her Jewels, to the view
Of th' Assembly, as did you!
Or, that did you sit, or walke,
You were more the eye, and talke
Of the Court, to day, then all
Else that glister'd in *White-hall;*
So, as those that had your sight,
Wisht the Bride were chang'd to night,

And did thinke, such Rites were due
To no other Grace but you!
Or, if you did move to night
In the Daunces, with what spight
Of your Peeres, you were beheld,
That at every motion sweld
So to see a Lady tread,
As might all the Graces lead,
And was worthy (being so seene)
To be envi'd of the Queene.
Or if you would yet have stay'd,
Whether any would up-braid
To himselfe his losse of Time;
Or have charg'd his sight of Crime,
To have left all sight for you:
Guesse of these, which is the true;
And, if such a verse as this,
May not claime another kisse.

7.

Begging another, on colour of mending the former.

FOR *Loves*-sake, kisse me once againe,
I long, and should not beg in vaine,
Here's none to spie, or see;
Why doe you doubt, or stay?
I'le taste as lightly as the Bee,
That doth but touch his flower, and flies away.
Once more, and (faith) I will be gone
Can he that loves, aske lesse then one?
Nay, you may erre in this,
And all your bountie wrong:
This could be call'd but halfe a kisse.

What w' are but once to doe, we should doe long,
I will but mend the last, and tell
Where, how it would have relish'd well;
Joyne lip to lip, and try:
Each suck others breath.
And whilst our tongues perplexed lie,
Let who will thinke us dead, or wish our death.

8.

Urging her of a promise.

CHARIS one day in discourse
Had of Love, and of his force,
Lightly promis'd, she would tell
What a man she could love well:
And that promise set on fire
All that heard her, with desire.
With the rest, I long expected,
When the worke would be effected:
But we find that cold delay,
And excuse spun every day,
As, untill she tell her one,
We all feare, she loveth none.
Therefore, *Charis*, you must do 't,
For I will so urge you to 't
You shall neither eat, nor sleepe,
No, nor forth your window peepe,
With your emissarie eye,
To fetch in the Formes goe by:
And pronounce, which band or lace,
Better fits him, then his face;
Nay I will not let you sit
'Fore your Idoll Glasse a whit,
To say over every purle
There; or to reforme a curle;

Or with Secretarie *Sis*
To consult, if *Fucus* this
Be as good, as was the last:
All your sweet of life is past,
Make accompt unlesse you can,
(And that quickly) speake your Man.

9.

Her man described by her owne Dictamen.

OF your Trouble, *Ben*, to ease me,
I will tell what Man would please me.
I would have him if I could,
Noble; or of greater Blood:
Titles, I confesse, doe take me;
And a woman God did make me,
French to boote, at least in fashion,
And his Manners of that Nation.
  Young I'd have him to, and faire,
Yet a man; with crisped haire
Cast in thousand snares, and rings
For *Loves* fingers, and his wings:
Chestnut colour, or more slack
Gold, upon a ground of black.
Venus, and *Minerva's* eyes
For he must looke wanton-wise.
  Eye-brows bent like *Cupids* bow,
Front, an ample field of snow;
Even nose, and cheeke (withall)
Smooth as is the Billiard Ball:
Chin, as woolly as the Peach;
And his lip should kissing teach,
Till he cherish'd too much beard,
And make *Love* or me afeard.

He would have a hand as soft
As the Downe, and shew it oft;
Skin as smooth as any rush,
And so thin to see a blush
Rising through it e're it came;
All his blood should be a flame
Quickly fir'd as in beginners
In loves schoole, and yet no sinners.
'Twere to long to speake of all,
What we harmonie doe call
In a body should be there.
Well he should his clothes to weare;
Yet no Taylor help to make him
Drest, you still for man should take him;
And not thinke h' had eat a stake,
Or were set up in a Brake.
Valiant he should be as fire,
Shewing danger more then ire.
Bounteous as the clouds to earth;
And as honest as his Birth.
All his actions to be such,
As to doe nothing too much.
Nor o're-praise, nor yet condemne;
Nor out-valew, nor contemne;
Nor doe wrongs, nor wrongs receave;
Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave;
And from basenesse to be free,
As he durst love Truth and me.
Such a man, with every part,
I could give my very heart;
But of one, if short he came,
I can rest me where I am.

10.

Another Laydes exception present at the hearing.

FOR his Mind, I doe not care,
That's a Toy, that I could spare:
Let his Title be but great,
His Clothes rich, and band sit neat,
Himselfe young, and face be good,
All I wish is understood
What you please, you parts may call,
'Tis one good part I'ld lie withall.

The Musicall strife; In a Pastorall Dialogue.

Shee.

COME with our Voyces, let us warre,
And challenge all the Spheares,
Till each of us be made a Starre,
And all the world turne Eares.

Hee.

At such a Call, what beast or fowle,
Of reason emptie is!
What Tree or stone doth want a soule?
What man but must lose his?

Shee.

Mixe then your Notes, that we may prove
To stay the running floods?
To make the Mountaine Quarries move?
And call the walking woods?

Hee.

What need of mee? doe you but sing
Sleepe, and the Grave will wake,
No tunes are sweet, nor words have sting,
But what those lips doe make.

Shee.

They say the Angells marke each Deed,
And exercise below,
And out of inward pleasure feed
On what they viewing know.

Hee.

O sing not you then, lest the best
Of Angels should be driven
To fall againe; at such a feast,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

Shee.

Nay, rather both our soules bee strayn'd
To meet their high desire;
So they in state of Grace retain'd,
May wish us of their Quire.

A SONG.

OH doe not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them downe, but let them rise,
Let shame destroy their being:
O, be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor looke too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me;
O, doe not steepe them in thy Teares,
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distract with feares,
Mine owne enough betray me.

In the person of Woman kind.

A Song Apologetique.

MEN if you love us, play no more
The fooles, or Tyrants with your friends,
To make us still sing o're, and o're,
Our owne false praises, for your ends:
Wee have both wits, and fancies too,
And if wee must, let's sing of you.

Nor doe we doubt, but that we can,
If wee would search with care, and paine,
Find some one good, in some one man;
So going thorow all your straine:
Wee shall at last, of parcells make
One good enough for a songs sake.

And as a cunning Painter takes
In any curious peece you see
More pleasure while the thing he makes
Then when 'tis made, why so will wee.
And having pleas'd our art, wee'll try
To make a new, and hang that by.

Another
In defence of their Inconstancie.

A Song.

HANG up those dull, and envious fooles
That talke abroad of Womans change,
We were not bred to sit on stooles,
Our proper vertue is to range:
Take that away, you take our lives,
We are no women then, but wives.

Such as in valour would excell
Doe change, though man, and often fight
Which we in love must doe aswell,
If ever we will love aright.
The frequent varying of the deed,
Is that which doth perfection breed.

Nor is 't inconstancie to change
For what is better, or to make
(By searching) what before was strange,
Familiar, for the uses sake;
The good, from bad, is not descride,
But as 'tis often vext and tri'd.

And this profession of a store
In love, doth not alone help forth
Our pleasure; but preserves us more
From being forsaken, then doth worth,
For were the worthiest woman curst
To love one man, hee'd leave her first.

A Nymphs Passion.

I love, and he loves me againe,
Yet dare I not tell who;
For if the Nymphs should know my Swaine,
I feare they'd love him too;
Yet if it be not knowne,
The pleasure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow joy is but our owne.

I'le tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envie me:
But then if I grow jealous madde,
And of them pittied be,
It were a plague 'bove scorne
And yet it cannot be forborne.
Unlesse my heart would as my thought be torne.

He is if they can find him, faire,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As Summers sky, or purged Ayre,
And lookes as Lillies doe,
That are this morning blowne,
Yet, yet I doubt he is not knowne,
And feare much more, that more of him be showne.

But he hath eyes so round, and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his Torches light
Though hate had put them out;
But then t' increase my feares,
What Nymph so e're his voyce but heares
Will be my Rivall, though she have but eares.

I'le tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me; yet no
One un-becomming thought doth move
From either heart, I know;
But so exempt from blame,
As it would be to each a fame:
If Love, or feare, would let me tell his name.

The Houre-glasse.

DOE but consider this small dust,
Here running in the Glasse,
By Atomes mov'd;
Could you beleeve, that this,
The body was
Of one that lov'd?
And in his Mrs. flame, playing like a flye,
Turn'd to cinders by her eye?
Yes; and in death, as life unblest,
To have 't exprest,
Even ashes of lovers find no rest.

My Picture left in Scotland.

I now thinke, Love is rather deafe, then blind,
For else it could not be,
That she,
Whom I adore so much, should so slight me,
And cast my love behind:
I'm sure my language to her, was as sweet,
And every close did meet
In sentence, of as subtile feet,
As hath the youngest Hee,
That sits in shadow of *Apollo's* tree.
Oh, but my conscious feares,
That flie my thoughts betweene,
Tell me that she hath seene
My hundreds of gray haires,
Told seven and fortie yeares.
Read so much wast, as she cannot imbrace
My mountaine belly, and my rockie face,
And all these through her eyes, have stopt her eares.

Against Jealousie.

WRETCHED and foolish Jealousie,
How cam'st thou thus to enter me?
I n're was of thy kind;
Nor have I yet the narrow mind
To vent that poore desire,
That others should not warme them at my fire,
I wish the Sun should shine
On all mens Fruit, and flowers, as well as mine.

But under the Disguise of love
Thou sai'st, thou only cam'st to prove
What my Affections were,
Think'st thou that love is help'd by feare?

Goe, get thee quickly forth
Loves sicknesse, and his noted want of worth
Seeke doubting Men to please,
I ne're will owe my health to a disease.

The Dreame.

OR Scorne, or pittie on me take,
I must the true Relation make,
I am undone to Night;
Love in a subtile Dreame disguis'd,
Hath both my heart and me surpriz'd,
Whom never yet he durst attempt t' awake;
Nor will he tell me for whose sake
He did me the Delight,
Or Spight,
But leaves me to inquire,
In all my wild desire
Of sleepe againe; who was his Aid,
And sleepe so guiltie and afraid,
As since he dares not come within my sight.

An Epitaph on Master Vincent Corbet.

I have my Pietie too, which could
It vent it selfe, but as it would,
Would say as much, as both have done
Before me here, the Friend and Sonne;
For I both lost a friend and Father,
Of him whose bones this Grave doth gather:
Deare *Vincent Corbet* who so long
Had wrestled with Diseases strong,
That though they did possesse each limbe,
Yet he broke them, e're they could him,
With the just Canon of his life,
A life that knew nor noise, nor strife:

But was by sweetning so his will,
All order, and Disposure, still
His Mind as pure, and neatly kept,
As were his Nourceries; and swept
So of uncleannesse, or offence,
That never came ill odour thence:
And adde his Actions unto these,
They were as specious as his Trees.
'Tis true, he could not reprehend
His very Manners, taught t' amend,
They were so even, grave, and holy;
No stubbornnesse so stiffe, nor folly
To licence ever was so light,
As twice to trespasse in his sight,
His lookes would so correct it, when
It chid the vice, yet not the Men.
Much from him I professe I wonne,
And more, and more, I should have done,
But that I understood him scant,
Now I conceive him by my want,
And pray who shall my sorrowes read,
That they for me their teares will shed;
For truly, since he left to be,
I feele, I'm rather dead than he?

Reader, whose life, and name, did e're become
An *Epitaph*, deserv'd a *Tombe:*
Nor wants it here through penurie, or sloth,
Who makes the *one*, so 't be first makes ***both.***

An Epistle to Sir Edward Sacvile, *now Earle of* Dorset.

IF *Sackvile*, all that have the power to doe
Great and good turns, as wel could time them too,
And knew their how, and where: we should have, then
Lesse list of proud, hard, or ingratefull Men.

For benefits are ow'd with the same mind
As they are done, and such returnes they find:
You then whose will not only, but desire
To succour my necessities tooke fire,
Not at my prayers, but your sense; which laid
The way to meet, what others would upbraid;
And in the Act did so my blush prevent,
As I did feele it done, as soone as meant:
You cannot doubt, but I who freely know
This Good from you, as freely will it owe;
And though my fortune humble me, to take
The smallest courtesies with thankes, I make
Yet choyce from whom I take them; and would shame
To have such doe me good, I durst not name:
They are the Noblest benefits, and sinke
Deepest in Man, of which when he doth thinke,
The memorie delights him more, from whom
Then what he hath receiv'd. Gifts stinke from some,
They are so long a comming, and so hard
Where any Deed is forc't, the Grace is mard.
Can I owe thankes, for Curtesies receiv'd
Against his will that doe's 'hem? that hath weav'd
Excuses, or Delayes? or done 'hem scant,
That they have more opprest me, then my want?
Or if he did it not to succour me,
But by meere Chance? for interest? or to free
Himselfe of farther trouble, or the weight
Of pressure, like one taken in a streight?
All this corrupts the thankes, lesse hath he wonne,
That puts it in his Debt-booke e're 't be done;
Or that doth sound a Trumpet, and doth call
His Groomes to witnesse; or else lets it fall
In that proud manner: as a good so gain'd,
Must make me sad for what I have obtain'd.
No! Gifts and thankes should have one cheerefull face,
So each, that's done, and tane, becomes a Brace.

He neither gives, or do's, that doth delay
A Benefit: or that doth throw 't away
No more than he doth thanke, that will receive
Nought but in corners; and is loath to leave,
Left Ayre, or Print, but flies it: Such men would
Run from the Conscience of it if they could.
As I have seene some Infants of the Sword
Well knowne, and practiz'd borrowers on their word,
Give thankes by stealth, and whispering in the eare,
For what they streight would to the world forsweare;
And speaking worst of those, from whom they went
But then, fist fill'd to put me off the sent.
Now dam'mee, Sir, if you shall not command
My Sword ('tis but a poore Sword understand)
As farre as any poore Sword i' the Land,
Then turning unto him is next at hand,
Dam's whom he damn'd too, is the veriest Gull,
H'as Feathers, and will serve a man to pull.
Are they not worthy to be answer'd so,
That to such Natures let their full hands flow,
And seeke not wants to succour: but enquire
Like Money-brokers; after Names, and hire
Their bounties forth, to him that last was made,
Or stands to be 'n Commission o' the blade?
Still, still, the hunters of false fame apply
Their thoughts and meanes to making loude the cry;
But one is bitten by the Dog he fed,
And hurt seeks Cure, the Surgeon bids take bread,
And spunge-like with it dry up the blood quite:
Then give it to the Hound that did him bite;
Pardon, sayes he, that were a way to see
All the Towne-curs take each their snatch at me.
O, is it so? knowes he so much? and will
Feed those, at whom the Table points at still?
I not deny it, but to helpe the need
Of any, is a Great and generous Deed:

Yea, of th' ingratefull: and he forth must tell
Many a pound, and piece will pace one well;
But these men ever want; their very trade
Is borrowing, that but stopt they doe invade
All as their prize, turne Pyrats here at Land,
Ha' their *Bermudas*, and their streights i' th' *Strand:*
Man out of their Boates to th' Temple, and not shift
Now, but command; make tribute, what was gift;
And it is paid 'hem with a trembling zeale,
And superstition I dare scarce reveale
If it were cleare, but being so in cloud
Carryed and wrapt, I only am aloud
My wonder! why? the taking a Clownes purse,
Or robbing the poore Market-folkes should nurse
Such a religious horrour in the brests
Of our Towne Gallantry! or why there rests
Such worship due to kicking of a Punck!
Or swaggering with the Watch, or Drawer drunke;
Or feats of darknesse acted in Mid-Sun,
And told of with more Licence then th' were done!
Sure there is Misterie in it, I not know
That men such reverence to such actions show!
And almost deifie the Authors! make
Lowd sacrifice of drinke, for their health-sake
Reare Suppers in their Names! and spend whole nights
Unto their praise, in certaine swearing rites;
Cannot a man be reck'ned in the State
Of Valour, but at this Idolatrous rate?
I thought that Fortitude had beene a meane
'Twixt feare and rashnesse: not a lust obscene,
Or appetite of offending, but a skill,
Or Science of a discerning Good and Ill.
And you Sir know it well to whom I write,
That with these mixtures we put out her light:
Her ends are honestie, and publike good!
And where they want, she is not understood.

No more are these of us, let them then goe,
I have the lyst of mine owne faults to know,
Looke too and cure; Hee's not a man hath none,
But like to be, that every day mends one,
And feeles it; Else he tarries by the Beast,
Can I discerne how shadowes are decreast,
Or growne; by height or lownesse of the Sunne?
And can I lesse of substance? when I runne,
Ride, saile, am coach'd, know I how farre I have gone;
And my minds motion not? or have I none:
No! he must feele and know, that I will advance
Men have beene great, but never good by chance,
Or on the sudden. It were strange that he
Who was this Morning such a one, should be
Sydney e're night? or that did goe to bed
Coriat, should rise the most sufficient head
Of Christendome? And neither of these know
Were the Rack offer'd them how they came so;
'Tis by degrees that men arrive at glad
Profit in ought each day some little adde,
In time 'twill be a heape; This is not true
Alone in money, but in manners too.
Yet we must more then move still, or goe on,
We must accomplish; 'Tis the last Key-stone
That makes the Arch, The rest that there were put
Are nothing till that comes to bind and shut.
Then stands it a triumphall marke! then Men
Observe the strength, the height, the why, and when,
It was erected; and still walking under
Meet some new matter to looke up and wonder!
Such Notes are vertuous men! they live as fast
As they are high; are rooted and will last.
They need no stilts, nor rise upon their toes,
As if they would belie their stature, those
Are Dwarfes of Honour, and have neither weight
Nor fashion, if they chance aspire to height,

'Tis like light Canes, that first rise big and brave,
Shoot forth in smooth and comely spaces; have
But few and faire Devisions: but being got
Aloft, grow lesse and streightned; full of knot.
And last, goe out in nothing: You that see
Their difference, cannot choose which you will be.
You know (without my flatt'ring you) too much
For me to be your Indice. Keep you such,
That I may love your Person (as I doe)
Without your gift, though I can rate that too,
By thanking thus the curtesie to life,
Which you will bury, but therein, the strife
May grow so great to be example, when
(As their true rule or lesson) either men
Donner's or *Donnee's* to their practice shall
Find you to reckon nothing, me owe all.

An Epistle to Master John Selden.

I know to whom I write: Here, I am sure,
Though I am short, I cannot be obscure:
Lesse shall I for the Art or dressing care,
Truth, and the Graces best, when naked are.
Your Booke, my *Selden*, I have read, and much
Was trusted, that you thought my judgement such
To aske it: though in most of workes it be
A pennance, where a man may not be free.
Rather then Office, when it doth or may
Chance that the Friends affection proves Allay
Unto the Censure. Yours all need doth flie
Of this so vitious Humanitie,
Then which there is not unto Studie, a more
Pernitious enemie, we see before
A many of bookes, even good judgements wound
Themselves through favouring what is there not found:

But I on yours farre otherwise shall doe,
Not flie the Crime, but the Suspition too:
Though I confesse (as every Muse hath err'd,
And mine not least) I have too oft preferr'd
Men, past their termes, and prais'd some names too
much,
But 'twas with purpose to have made them such,
Since being deceiv'd, I turne a sharper eye
Upon my selfe, and ask to whom? and why?
And what I write? and vexe it many dayes
Before men get a verse: much lesse a Praise;
So that my Reader is assur'd, I now
Meane what I speake: and still will keepe that Vow,
Stand forth my Object, then you that have beene
Ever at home: yet, have all Countries seene:
And like a Compasse keeping one foot still
Upon your Center, doe your Circle fill
Of generall knowledge; watch'd men, manners too,
Heard what times past have said, seene what ours doe:
Which Grace shall I make love too first? your skill,
Or faith in things? or is 't your wealth and will
T' instruct and teach? or your unweary'd paine
Of Gathering? Bountie in pouring out againe?
What fables have you vext! what truth redeem'd!
Antiquities search'd! Opinions dis-esteem'd!
Impostures branded! and Authorities urg'd,
What blots and errours, have you watch'd and purg'd
Records, and Authors of! how rectified,
Times, manners, customes! Innovations spide!
Sought out the Fountaines, Sources, Creekes, paths,
wayes,
And noted the beginnings and decayes!
Where is that nominall marke, or reall rite,
Forme Act or Ensigne, that hath scap'd your sight.
How are Traditions there examin'd: how
Conjectures retriv'd! And a Storie now

And then of times (besides the bare Conduct
Of what it tells us) weav'd in to instruct.
I wonder'd at the richnesse, but am lost,
To see the workmanship so 'xceed the cost!
To marke the excellent seas'ning of your Stile!
And manly elocution, not one while
With horrour rough, then rioting with wit!
But to the Subject, still the Colours fit
In sharpnesse of all Search, wisdome of Choise,
Newnesse of Sense, Antiquitie of voyce!
I yeeld, I yeeld, the matter of your praise
Flowes in upon me, and I cannot raise
A banke against it. Nothing but the round
Large claspe of Nature, such a wit can bound
Monarch in Letters! 'Mongst thy Titles showne
Of others honours, thus, enjoy their owne,
I first salute thee so; and gratulate
With that thy Stile, thy keeping of thy State;
In offering this thy worke to no great Name,
That would, perhaps, have prais'd, and thank'd the same,
But nought beyond. He thou hast given it to,
Thy learned Chamber-fellow, knowes to doe
In true respects. He will not only love
Embrace, and cherish; but he can approve
And estimate thy Paines; as having wrought
In the same Mines of knowledge; and thence brought
Humanitie enough to be a friend,
And strength to be a Champion, and defend
Thy gift 'gainst envie. O how I doe count
Among my commings in, and see it mount,
The Graine of your two friendships! *Hayward* and
Selden! two Names that so much understand!
On whom I could take up, and ne're abuse
The Credit, what would furnish a tenth Muse!
But here's no time, nor place, my wealth to tell,
You both are modest. So am I. Farewell.

An Epistle to a Friend, to perswade him to the Warres.

WAKE, friend from forth thy Lethargie: the Drum
Beates brave, and loude in *Europe*, and bids come
All that dare rowse: or are not loth to quit
Their vitious ease, and be o'rewhelm'd with it.
It is a call to keepe the spirits alive
That gaspe for action, and would yet revive
Mans buried honour, in his sleepie life:
Quickning dead Nature, to her noblest strife.
All other Acts of Worldlings, are but toyle
In dreames, begun in hope, and end in spoile.
Looke on th' ambitious man, and see him nurse,
His unjust hopes, with praises begg'd, or (worse)
Bought Flatteries, the issue of his purse,
Till he become both their, and his owne curse!
Looke on the false, and cunning man, that loves
No person, nor is lov'd: what wayes he proves
To gaine upon his belly; and at last
Crush'd in the snakie brakes, that he had past!
See, the grave, sower, and supercilious Sir
In outward face, but inward, light as Furre,
Or Feathers: lay his fortune out to show
Till envie wound, or maime it at a blow!
See him, that's call'd, and thought the happiest man,
Honour'd at once, and envi'd (if it can
Be honour is so mixt) by such as would
For all their spight be like him if they could:
No part or corner man can looke upon,
But there are objects, bid him to be gone
As farre as he can flie, or follow Day,
Rather then here so bogg'd in vices stay.
The whole world here leaven'd with madnesse swells:
And being a thing, blowne out of nought, rebells

Against his Maker; high alone with weeds,
And impious ranknesse of all Sects and seeds:
Not to be checkt, or frighted now with fate,
But more licentious made, and desperate!
Our Delicacies are growne capitall,
And even our sports are dangers! what we call
Friendship is now mask'd Hatred! Justice fled,
And shamefastnesse together! All lawes dead
That kept man living! Pleasures only sought!
Honour and honestie, as poore things thought
As they are made! Pride, and stiffe Clownage mixt
To made up Greatnesse! and mans whole good fix'd
In bravery, or gluttony, or coyne,
All which he makes the servants of the Groine,
Thither it flowes, how much did *Stallion* spend
To have his Court-bred-fillie there commend
His Lace and Starch; And fall upon her back
In admiration, stretch'd upon the rack
Of lust, to his rich Suit and Title, Lord?
I, that 's a Charme and halfe! She must afford
That all respect; She must lie downe: Nay more
'Tis there civilitie to be a whore;
Hee 's one of blood, and fashion! and with these
The bravery makes, she can no honour leese
To do 't with Cloth, or Stuffes, lusts name might merit
With Velvet, Plush, and Tissues, it is spirit.
O, these so ignorant Monsters! light, as proud,
Who can behold their Manners, and not clowd-
Like upon them lighten? If nature could
Not make a verse; Anger; or laughter would,
To see 'hem aye discoursing with their Glasse,
How they may make some one that day an Asse,
Planting their Purles, and Curles spread forth like Net,
And every Dressing for a Pitfall set
To catch the flesh in, and to pound a Prick
Be at their Visits, see 'hem squemish, sick

Ready to cast, at one, whose band sits ill,
And then, leape mad on a neat Pickardill;
As if a Brize were gotten i' their tayle,
And firke, and jerke, and for the Coach-man raile,
And jealous each of other, yet thinke long
To be abroad chanting some baudie song,
And laugh, and measure thighes, then squeake, spring, itch,
Doe all the tricks of a saut Lady Bitch;
For t' other pound of sweet-meats, he shall feele
That payes, or what he will. The Dame is steele,
For these with her young Companie shee 'll enter,
Where *Pittes*, or *Wright*, or *Modet* would not venter,
And comes by these Degrees, the Stile t' inherit
Of woman of fashion, and a Lady of spirit:
Nor is the title question'd with our proud,
Great, brave, and fashion'd folke, these are allow'd
Adulteries now, are not so hid, or strange,
They 're growne Commoditie upon Exchange;
He that will follow but anothers wife,
Is lov'd, though he let out his owne for life:
The Husband now 's call'd churlish, or a poore
Nature, that will not let his Wife be a whore;
Or use all arts, or haunt all Companies
That may corrupt her, even in his eyes.
The brother trades a sister; and the friend
Lives to the Lord, but to the Ladies end.
Lesse must not be thought on then Mistresse: or
If it be thought kild like her Embrions; for,
Whom no great Mistresse, hath as yet infam'd
A fellow of course Letcherie, is nam'd
The Servant of the Serving-woman in scorne,
Ne're came to taste the plenteous Mariage-horne.
Thus they doe talke. And are these objects fit
For man to spend his money on? his wit?
His time? health? soule? will he for these goe throw
Those thousands on his back, shall after blow

His body to the Counters, or the Fleete?
Is it for these that fine man meets the street
Coach'd, or on foot-cloth, thrice chang'd every day,
To teach each suit, he has the ready way
From *Hide-Parke* to the Stage, where at the last
His deare and borrow'd Bravery he must cast?
When not his Combes, his Curling-irons, his Glasse,
Sweet bags, sweet Powders, nor sweet words will passe
For lesse Securitie? O [heavens!] for these
Is it that man pulls on himselfe Disease?
Surfet? and Quarrell? drinkes the tother health?
Or by Damnation voids it? or by stealth?
What furie of late is crept into our Feasts?
What honour given to the drunkennest Guests?
What reputation to beare one Glasse more?
When oft the Bearer, is borne out of dore?
This hath our ill-us'd freedome, and soft peace
Brought on us, and will every houre increase
Our vices, doe not tarry in a place,
But being in Motion still (or rather in race)
Tilt one upon another, and now beare
This way, now that, as if their number were
More then themselves, or then our lives could take,
But both fell prest under the load they make.
I 'le bid thee looke no more, but flee, flee friend,
This *Præcipice*, and Rocks that have no end,
Or side, but threatens Ruine. The whole Day
Is not enough now, but the Nights to play:
And whilst our states, strength, body, and mind we waste;
Goe make our selves the Usurers at a cast.
He that no more for Age, Cramps, Palsies, can
Now use the bones, we see doth hire a man
To take the box up for him; and pursues
The Dice with glassen eyes, to the glad viewers
Of what he throwes: Like letchers growne content
To be beholders, when their powers are spent.

Can we not leave this worme? or will we not?
Is that the truer excuse? or have we got
In this, and like, an itch of Vanitie,
That scratching now 's our best Felicitie?
Well, let it goe. Yet this is better, then
To lose the formes, and dignities of men
To flatter my good Lord, and cry his Bowle
Runs sweetly, as it had his Lordships Soule,
Although, perhaps it has, what 's that to me,
That may stand by, and hold my peace? will he
When I am hoarse, with praising his each cast,
Give me but that againe, that I must wast
In Sugar Candide, or in butter'd beere,
For the recovery of my voyce? No, there
Pardon his Lordship. Flattry 's growne so cheape
With him, for he is followed with that heape
That watch, and catch, at what they may applaud
As a poore single flatterer, without Baud
Is nothing, such scarce meat and drinke he 'le give,
But he that 's both, and slave to both, shall live,
And be belov'd, while the Whores last. O times,
Friend flie from hence; and let these kindled rimes
Light thee from hell on earth: where flatterers, spies,
Informers, Masters both of Arts and lies;
Lewd slanderers, soft whisperers that let blood
The life, and fame-vaynes (yet not understood
Of the poore sufferers) where the envious, proud,
Ambitious, factious, superstitious, lowd
Boasters, and perjur'd, with the infinite more
Prævaricators swarme. Of which the store,
(Because th' are every where amongst Man-kind
Spread through the World) is easier farre to find,
Then once to number, or bring forth to hand,
Though thou wert Muster-master of the Land.
Goe quit 'hem all. And take along with thee,
Thy true friends wishes, *Colby* which shall be,

That thine be just, and honest, that thy Deeds
Not wound thy conscience, when thy body bleeds;
That thou dost all things more for truth, then glory,
And never but for doing wrong be sory;
That by commanding first thy selfe, thou mak'st
Thy person fit for any charge thou tak'st:
That fortune never make thee to complaine,
But what she gives, thou dar'st give her againe;
That whatsoever face thy fate puts on,
Thou shrinke or start not; but be alwayes one,
That thou thinke nothing great, but what is good,
And from that thought strive to be understood.
So, 'live or dead, thou wilt preserve a fame
Still pretious, with the odour of thy name.
And last, blaspheme not, we did never heare
Man thought the valianter, 'cause he durst sweare;
No more, then we should thinke a Lord had had
More honour in him, 'cause we 'ave knowne him mad:
These take, and now goe seeke thy peace in Warre,
Who falls for love of God, shall rise a Starre.

An Epitaph on Master

Philip Gray.

Reader stay,
And if I had no more to say,
But here doth lie till the last Day,
All that is left of Philip Gray.
It might thy patience richly pay:
For, if such men as he could die,
What suretie of life have thou, and I.

Epistle
To a Friend.

THEY are not, Sir, worst Owers, that doe pay
Debts when they can: good men may breake their day
And yet the noble Nature never grudge,
'Tis then a crime, when the Usurer is Judge.
And he is not in friendship. Nothing there
Is done for gaine: If 't be 'tis not sincere.
Nor should I at this time protested be,
But that some greater names have broke with me,
And their words too; where I but breake my Band,
I adde that (but) because I understand
That as the lesser breach: for he that takes
Simply my Band, his trust in me forsakes,
And lookes unto the forfeit. If you be
Now so much friend, as you would trust in me,
Venter a longer time, and willingly:
All is not barren land, doth fallow lie.
Some grounds are made the richer, for the Rest;
And I will bring a Crop, if not the best.

An Elegie.

CAN Beautie that did prompt me first to write,
Now threaten, with those meanes she did invite:
Did her perfections call me on to gaze!
Then like, then love; and now would they amaze!
Or was she gracious a-farre off? but neere
A terror? or is all this but my feare?
That as the water makes things, put in 't, streight,
Crooked appeare; so that doth my conceipt:
I can helpe that with boldnesse; And love sware,
And fortune once, t' assist the spirits that dare.
But which shall lead me on? both these are blind
Such Guides men use not, who their way would find.

Except the way be errour to those ends:
And then the best are still, the blindest friends!
Oh how a Lover may mistake! to thinke,
Or love, or fortune blind, when they but winke
To see men feare: or else for truth, and State,
Because they would free Justice imitate,
Vaile their owne eyes, and would impartially
Be brought by us to meet our Destinie.
If it be thus; Come love, and fortune goe,
I'le lead you on; or if my fate will so,
That I must send one first, my Choyce assignes,
Love to my heart, and fortune to my lines.

An Elegie.

BY those bright Eyes, at whose immortall fires
Love lights his torches to inflame desires;
By that faire Stand, your forehead, whence he bends
His double Bow, and round his Arrowes sends;
By that tall Grove, your haire; whose globy rings
He flying curles, and crispeth, with his wings.
By those pure bathes your either cheeke discloses,
Where he doth steepe himselfe in Milke and Roses;
And lastly by your lips, the banke of kisses,
Where men at once may plant, and gather blisses:
Tell me (my lov'd Friend) doe you love or no?
So well as I may tell in verse, 'tis so?
You blush, but doe not: friends are either none,
(Though they may number bodyes) or but one.
I'le therefore aske no more, but bid you love;
And so that either may example prove
Unto the other; and live patternes, how
Others, in time may love, as we doe now.
Slip no occasion; As time stands not still,
I know no beautie, nor no youth that will.

To use the present, then, is not abuse,
You have a Husband is the just excuse
Of all that can be done him; Such a one
As would make shift, to make himselfe alone,
That which we can, who both in you, his Wife,
His Issue, and all Circumstance of life
As in his place, because he would not varie,
Is constant to be extraordinarie.

A Satyricall Shrub.

A Womans friendship! God whom I trust in,
Forgive me this one foolish deadly sin;
Amongst my many other, that I may
No more, I am sorry for so fond cause, say
At fifty yeares, almost, to value it,
That ne're was knowne to last above a fit?
Or have the least of Good, but what it must
Put on for fashion, and take up on trust:
Knew I all this afore? had I perceiv'd,
That their whole life was wickednesse, though weav'd
Of many Colours; outward fresh, from spots,
But their whole inside full of ends, and knots?
Knew I, that all their Dialogues, and discourse,
Were such as I will now relate, or worse.

Here, something is wanting.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Knew I this Woman? yes; And you doe see,
How penitent I am, or I should be?
Doe you not aske to know her, she is worse
Then all Ingredients made into one curse,
And that pour'd out upon Man-kind can be!
Thinke but the Sin of all her sex, 'tis she!

I could forgive her being proud! a whore!
Perjur'd! and painted! if she were no more—,
But she is such, as she might, yet forestall
The Divell; and be the damning of us all.

A little Shrub growing by.

ASKE not to know this Man. If fame should speake
His name in any mettall, it would breake.
Two letters were enough the plague to teare
Out of his Grave, and poyson every eare.
A parcell of Court-durt, a heape, and masse
Of all vice hurld together, there he was,
Proud, false, and trecherous, vindictive, all
That thought can adde, unthankfull, the lay-stall
Of putrid flesh alive! of blood, the sinke!
And so I leave to stirre him, lest he stinke.

An Elegie.

THOUGH Beautie be the Marke of praise,
And yours of whom I sing be such
As not the World can praise too much,
Yet is 't your vertue now I raise.

A vertue, like Allay, so gone
Throughout your forme; as though that move,
And draw, and conquer all mens love,
This subjects you to love of one.

Wherein you triumph yet: because
'Tis of your selfe, and that you use
The noblest freedome, not to chuse
Against or Faith, or honours lawes.

But who should lesse expect from you,
In whom alone love lives agen?
By whom he is restor'd to men:
And kept, and bred, and brought up true?

His falling Temples you have rear'd
The withered Garlands tane away;
His Altars kept from the Decay,
That envie wish'd, and Nature fear'd.

And on them burne so chaste a flame,
With so much Loyalties expence
As Love t' aquit such excellence
Is gone himselfe into your Name.

And you are he: the Dietie
To whom all Lovers are design'd;
That would their better objects find:
Among which faithfull troope am I.

Who as an off-spring at your shrine,
Have sung this Hymne, and here intreat
One sparke of your Diviner heat
To light upon a Love of mine.

Which if it kindle not, but scant
Appeare, and that to shortest view,
Yet give me leave t' adore in you
What I, in her, am griev'd to want.

An Ode. To himselfe.

WHERE do'st thou carelesse lie
Buried in ease and sloth?
Knowledge, that sleepes, doth die;
And this Securitie,
It is the common Moath,
That eats on wits, and Arts, and destroyes them both.

Are all th' *Aonian* springs
Dri'd up? lyes *Thespia* wast?
Doth *Clarius* Harp want strings,
That not a Nymph now sings!
Or droop they as disgrac't,
To see their Seats and Bowers by chattring Pies defac't?

If hence thy silence be,
As 'tis too just a cause;
Let this thought quicken thee,
Minds that are great and free,
Should not on fortune pause,
'Tis crowne enough to vertue still, her owne applause.

What though the greedie Frie
Be taken with false Baytes
Of worded Balladrie,
And thinke it Poësie?
They die with their conceits,
And only pitious scorne, upon their folly waites.

Then take in hand thy Lyre,
Strike in thy proper straine,
With *Japhets* lyne, aspire
Sols Chariot for new fire,
To give the world againe:
Who aided him, will thee, the issue of *Joves* braine.

And since our Daintie age,
Cannot indure reproofe,
Make not thy selfe a Page,
To that strumpet the Stage,
But sing high and aloofe,
Safe from the wolves black jaw, and the dull Asses hoofe.

The mind of the Frontispice to a Booke.

FROM Death, and darke oblivion, ne're the same,
The Mistresse of Mans life, grave Historie
Razing the World to good and evill fame
Doth vindicate it to eternitie.
Wise Providence would so; that nor the good
Might be defrauded, nor the great secur'd,
But both might know their wayes were understood,
When Vice alike in time with vertue dur'd.
Which makes that (lighted by the beamie hand
Of Truth that searcheth the most Springs
And guided by experience, whose straite wand
Doth meet, whose lyne doth sound the depth of things:)
Shee chearfully supporteth what she reares,
Assisted by no strengths, but are her owne,
Some note of which each varied Pillar beares,
By which as proper titles, she is knowne
Times witnesse, herald of Antiquitie,
The light of Truth, and life of Memorie.

An Ode to James *Earle of* Desmond, *writ in Queene* Elizabeths *time, since lost, and recovered.*

WHERE art thou *Genius?* I should use
Thy present Aide: Arise Invention,
Wake, and put on the wings of *Pindars* Muse,
To towre with my intention
High, as his mind, that doth advance
Her upright head, above the reach of Chance,

Or the times envie:
Cynthius, I applie
My bolder numbers to thy golden *Lyre:*
O, then inspire
Thy Priest in this strange rapture; heat my braine
With *Delphick* fire:
That I may sing my thoughts, in some unvulgar straine.

Rich beame of honour, shed your light
On these darke rymes; that my affection
May shine (through every chincke) to every sight
Graced by your Reflection!
Then shall my Verses, like strong Charmes
Breake the knit Circle of her Stonie Armes,
That hold your spirit:
And keepes your merit
Lock't in her cold embraces, from the view
Of eyes more true,
Who would with judgement search, searching conclude,
(As prov'd in you)
True noblêsse. Palme growes straight, though handled ne're so rude?

Nor think your selfe unfortunate,
If subject to the jealous errors
Of politique pretext, that wryes a State,
Sinke not beneath these terrors:
But whisper; O glad Innocence
Where only a mans birth is his offence;
Or the dis-favour,
Of such as savour
Nothing, but practise upon honours thrall.
O vertues fall,
When her dead essence (like the Anatomie
In Surgeons hall)
Is but a Statists theame, to read Phlebotomie.

Let *Brontes*, and black *Steropes*,
Sweat at the forge, their hammers beating;
Pyracmon's hour will come to give them ease,
Though but while mettal's heating:
And, after all the *Ætnean* Ire,
Gold, that is perfect, will out-live the fire.
For fury wasteth,
As patience lasteth.
No Armour to the mind! he is shot free
From injurie,
That is not hurt; not he, that is not hit;
So fooles we see,
Oft scape an Imputation, more through luck, then wit.

But to your selfe most loyall Lord,
(Whose heart in that bright Sphere flames clearest.
Though many Gems be in your bosome stor'd,
Unknowne which is the Dearest.)
If I auspitiously devine,
(As my hope tells) that our faire *Phœb's* shine,
Shall light those places,
With lustrous Graces,
Where darknesse with her glomie Sceptred hand,
Doth now command.
O then (my best-best lov'd) let me importune,
That you will stand,
As farre from all revolt, as you are now from Fortune.

An Ode.

High spirited friend,
I send nor Balmes, nor Cor'sives to your wound,
Your fate hath found,
A gentler, and more agile hand, to tend
The Cure of that, which is but corporall,
And doubtfull Dayes (which were nam'd *Criticall*,)

Have made their fairest flight,
And now are out of sight.
Yet doth some wholsome Physick for the mind,
Wrapt in this paper lie,
Which in the taking if you mis-apply,
You are unkind.

Your covetous hand,
Happy in that faire honour it hath gain'd,
Must now be rayn'd.
True valour doth her owne renowne command
In one full Action; nor have you now more
To doe, then be a husband of that store.
Thinke but how deare you bought,
This fame which you have caught,
Such thoughts wil make you more in love with truth
'Tis wisdome and that high,
For men to use their fortune reverently,
Even in youth.

An Ode.

HELLEN, did *Homer* never see
Thy beauties, yet could write of thee?
Did *Sappho* on her seven-tongu'd Lute,
So speake (as yet it is not mute)
Of *Phaos* forme? or doth the Boy
In whom *Anacreon* once did joy,
Lie drawne to life, in his soft Verse,
As he whom *Maro* did rehearse?
Was *Lesbia* sung by learn'd *Catullus?*
Or *Delia's* Graces, by *Tibullus?*
Doth *Cynthia*, in *Propertius* song
Shine more, then she the Stars among?
Is *Horace* his each love so high
Rap't from the Earth, as not to die?

With bright *Lycoris*, *Gallus* choice,
Whose fame hath an eternall voice.
Or hath *Corynna*, by the name
Her *Ovid* gave her, dimn'd the fame
Of *Cæsars* Daughter, and the line
Which all the world then styl'd devine?
Hath *Petrarch* since his *Laura* rais'd
Equall with her? or *Ronsart* prais'd
His new *Cassandra*, 'bove the old,
Which all the Fate of *Troy* foretold?
Hath our great *Sydney*, *Stella* set,
Where never Star shone brighter yet?
Or *Constables* Ambrosiack Muse,
Made *Dian*, not his notes refuse?
Have all these done (and yet I misse
The Swan that so relish'd *Pancharis*)
And shall not I my *Celia* bring,
Where men may see whom I doe sing,
Though I, in working of my song
Come short of all this learned throng,
Yet sure my tunes will be the best,
So much my Subject drownes the rest.

A Sonnet,

To the noble Lady, the Lady

Mary Worth.

I that have beene a lover, and could shew it,
Though not in these, in rithmes not wholly dumbe,
Since I exscribe your Sonnets, am become
A better lover, and much better Poët.
Nor is my Muse, or I asham'd to owe it.
To those true numerous Graces; whereof some,
But charme the Senses, others over-come

Both braines and hearts; and mine now best doe know it:
For in your verse all Cupids *Armorie,*
His flames, his shafts, his Quiver, and his Bow,
His very eyes are yours to overthrow.
But then his Mothers sweets you so apply,
Her joyes, her smiles, her loves, as readers take
For Venus Ceston, *every line you make.*

A Fit of Rime against Rime.

RIME the rack of finest wits,
That expresseth but by fits,
True Conceipt
Spoyling Senses of their Treasure,
Cosening Judgement with a measure,
But false weight.
Wresting words, from their true calling;
Propping Verse, for feare of falling
To the ground.
Joynting Syllabes, drowning Letters,
Fastning Vowells, as with fetters
They were bound!
Soone as lazie thou wert knowne,
All good Poëtrie hence was flowne,
And are banish'd.
For a thousand yeares together,
All *Pernassus* Greene did wither,
And wit vanish'd.
Pegasus did flie away,
At the Wells no Muse did stay,
But bewail'd.
So to see the Fountaine drie,
And *Apollo's* Musique die,
All light failed!

Starveling rimes did fill the Stage,
Not a Poët in an Age,
Worth crowning.
Not a worke deserving Baies,
Nor a lyne deserving praise,
Pallas frowning;
Greeke was free from Rimes infection,
Happy Greeke by this protection!
Was not spoyled.
Whilst the Latin, Queene of Tongues,
Is not yet free from Rimes wrongs,
But rests foiled.
Scarce the hill againe doth flourish,
Scarce the world a Wit doth nourish,
To restore,
Phœbus to his Crowne againe;
And the Muses to their braine;
As before.
Vulgar Languages that want
Words, and sweetnesse, and be scant
Of true measure,
Tyran Rime hath so abused,
That they long since have refused,
Other ceasure;
He that first invented thee,
May his joynts tormented bee,
Cramp'd for ever;
Still may Syllabes jarre with time,
Stil may reason warre with rime,
Resting never.
May his Sense when it would meet,
The cold tumor in his feet,
Grow unsounder.
And his Title be long foole,
That in rearing such a Schoole,
Was the founder.

*An Epigram

On William *Lord* Burl: *Lo: high Treasurer of* England.

IF thou wouldst know the vertues of Man-kind
Read here in one, what thou in all canst find,
And goe no farther: let this Circle be
Thy Universe, though his *Epitome*
Cecill; the grave, the wise, the great, the good,
What is there more that can ennoble blood?
The *Orphans* Pillar, the true Subjects shield,
The poores full Store-house, and just servants field.
The only faithfull Watchman for the Realme,
That in all tempests, never quit the helme,
But stood unshaken in his Deeds, and Name,
And labour'd in the worke; not with the fame:
That still was good for goodnesse sake, nor thought
Upon reward, till the reward him sought.
Whose Offices, and honours did surprize,
Rather than meet him: And, before his eyes
Clos'd to their peace, he saw his branches shoot,
And in the noblest Families tooke root
Of all the Land, who now at such a Rate,
Of divine blessing, would not serve a State?

†*An Epigram.*

To Thomas *Lo:* Elsmere, *the last Terme he sate Chancellor.*

SO justest Lord, may all your Judgements be
Lawes; and no change e're come to one decree:
So, may the King proclaime your Conscience is
Law, to his Law; and thinke your enemies his:

* Presented upon a plate of Gold to his son Rob. E. of Salisbury, when he was also Tresurer.

† For a poore Man.

So, from all sicknesse, may you rise to health,
The Care, and wish still of the publike wealth,
So may the gentler Muses, and good fame
Still flie about the Odour of your Name;
As with the safetie, and honour of the Lawes,
You favour Truth, and me, in this mans Cause.

**Another to him.*

THE Judge his favour timely then extends,
When a good Cause is destitute of friends,
Without the pompe of Counsell; or more Aide,
Then to make falshood blush, and fraud afraid:
When those good few, that her Defenders be,
Are there for Charitie, and not for fee.
Such shall you heare to Day, and find great foes
Both arm'd with wealth, and slander to oppose,
Who thus long safe, would gaine upon the times
A right by the prosperitie of their Crimes;
Who, though their guilt, and perjurie they know,
Thinke, yea and boast, that they have done it so
As though the Court pursues them on the sent,
They will come of, and scape the Punishment,
When this appeares, just Lord, to your sharp sight,
He do's you wrong, that craves you to doe right.

An Epigram to the Councellour that pleaded, and carried the Cause.

THAT I hereafter, doe not thinke the Barre,
The Seat made of a more then civill warre;
Or the great Hall at *Westminster*, the field
Where mutuall frauds are fought, and no side yeild;

* For the same.

That henceforth, I beleeve nor bookes, nor men,
Who 'gainst the Law, weave Calumnies my—
But when I read or heare the names so rife
Of hirelings, wranglers, stitchers-to of strife,
Hook-handed *Harpies*, gowned Vultures, put
Upon the reverend Pleaders; doe now shut
All mouthes, that dare entitle them (from hence)
To the Wolves studie, or Dogs eloquence;
Thou art my Cause: whose manners since I knew,
Have made me to conceive a Lawyer new.
So dost thou studie matter, men, and times,
Mak'st it religion to grow rich by Crimes!
Dar'st not abuse thy wisdome, in the Lawes,
Or skill to carry out an evill cause!
But first dost vexe, and search it! If not sound,
Thou prov'st the gentler wayes, to clense the wound,
And make the Scarre faire; If that will not be,
Thou hast the brave scorne, to put back the fee!
But in a businesse, that will bide the Touch,
What use, what strength of reason! and how much
Of Bookes, of Presidents, hast thou at hand?
As if the generall store thou didst command
Of Argument, still drawing forth the best,
And not being borrowed by thee, but possest.
So comm'st thou like a Chiefe into the Court
Arm'd at all peeces, as to keepe a Fort
Against a multitude; and (with thy Stile
So brightly brandish'd) wound'st, defend'st! the while
Thy Adversaries fall, as not a word
They had, but were a Reed unto thy Sword.
Then com'st thou off with Victorie and Palme,
Thy Hearers Nectar, and thy Clients Balme,
The Courts just honour, and thy Judges love.
And (which doth all Atchievements get above)
Thy sincere practise, breeds not thee a fame
Alone, but all thy ranke a reverend Name.

An Epigram.

To the small Poxe.

ENVIOUS and foule Disease, could there not be
One beautie in an Age, and free from thee?
What did she worth thy spight? were there not store
Of those that set by their false faces more
Then this did by her true? she never sought
Quarrell with Nature, or in ballance brought
Art her false servant; Nor, for Sir *Hugh Plot*,
Was drawne to practise other hue, then that
Her owne bloud gave her: Shee ne're had, nor hath
Any beliefe, in Madam Baud-bees bath,
Or Turners oyle of Talck. Nor ever got
Spanish receipt, to make her teeth to rot.
What was the cause then? Thought'st thou in disgrace
Of Beautie, so to nullifie a face,
That heaven should make no more; or should amisse,
Make all hereafter, had'st thou ruin'd this.
I, that thy Ayme was; but her fate prevail'd:
And scorn'd, thou'ast showne thy malice, but hast fail'd.

An Epitaph.

WHAT Beautie would have lovely stilde,
What manners prettie, Nature milde,
What wonder perfect, all were fill'd,
Upon record in this blest child.
And, till the comming of the Soule
To fetch the flesh, we keepe the Rowle.

A Song.

Lover.

COME, let us here enjoy the shade,
For love in shadow best is made.
Though Envie oft his shadow be,
None brookes the Sun-light worse then he.

Mistres.

Where love doth shine, there needs no Sunne,
All lights into his one doth run;
Without which all the world were darke;
Yet he himselfe is but a sparke.

Arbiter.

A Sparke to set whole world a-fire,
Who more they burne, they more desire,
And have their being, their waste to see;
And waste still, that they still might bee.

Chorus.

Such are his powers, whom time hath still'd,
Now swift, now slow, now tame, now wild;
Now hot, now cold, now fierce, now mild.
The eldest God, yet still a Child.

An Epistle to a friend.

SIR, I am thankfull, first, to heaven, for you;
Next to your selfe, for making your love true:
Then to your love, and gift. And all's but due.
You have unto my Store added a booke,
On which with profit, I shall never looke,
But must confesse from whom what gift I tooke.

Not like your Countrie-neighbours, that commit
Their vice of loving for a Christmasse fit;
Which is indeed but friendship of the spit:
But, as a friend, which name your selfe receave,
And which you (being the worthier) gave me leave
In letters, that mixe spirits, thus to weave.
Which, how most sacred I will ever keepe,
So may the fruitfull Vine my temples steepe,
And Fame wake for me, when I yeeld to sleepe.
Though you sometimes proclaime me too severe,
Rigid, and harsh, which is a Drug austere
In friendship, I confesse: But deare friend, heare.
Little know they, that professe Amitie,
And seeke to scant her comelie libertie,
How much they lame her in her propertie.
And lesse they know, who being free to use
That friendship which no chance but love did chuse,
Will unto Licence that faire leave abuse.
It is an Act of tyrannie, not love
In practiz'd friendship wholly to reprove,
As flatt'ry with friends humours still to move.
From each of which I labour to be free,
Yet if with eithers vice I teynted be,
Forgive it, as my frailtie, and not me.
For no man lives so out of passions sway,
But shall sometimes be tempted to obey
Her furie, yet no friendship to betray.

An Elegie.

'TIS true, I'm broke! Vowes, Oathes, and all I had
Of Credit lost. And I am now run madde:
Or doe upon my selfe some desperate ill;
This sadnesse makes no approaches, but to kill.

It is a Darknesse hath blockt up my sense,
And drives it in to eat on my offence,
Or there to sterve it, helpe O you that may
Alone lend succours, and this furie stay,
Offended Mistris, you are yet so faire,
As light breakes from you, that affrights despaire,
And fills my powers with perswading joy,
That you should be too noble to destroy.
There may some face or menace of a storme
Looke forth, but cannot last in such forme.
If there be nothing worthy you can see
Of Graces, or your mercie here in me
Spare your owne goodnesse yet; and be not great
In will and power, only to defeat.
God, and the good, know to forgive, and save.
The ignorant, and fooles, no pittie have.
I will not stand to justifie my fault,
Or lay the excuse upon the Vintners vault;
Or in confessing of the Crime be nice,
Or goe about to countenance the vice,
By naming in what companie 'twas in,
As I would urge Authoritie for sinne.
No, I will stand arraign'd, and cast, to be
The Subject of your Grace in pardoning me,
And (Stil'd your mercies Creature) will live more
Your honour now, then your disgrace before,
Thinke it was frailtie, Mistris, thinke me man,
Thinke that your selfe like heaven forgive me can,
Where weaknesse doth offend, and vertue grieve,
There greatnesse takes a glorie to relieve.
Thinke that I once was yours, or may be now,
Nothing is vile, that is a part of you:
Errour and folly in me may have crost
Your just commands: yet those, not I be lost.
I am regenerate now, become the child
Of your compassion; Parents should be mild:

There is no Father that for one demerit,
Or two, or three, a Sonne will dis-inherit,
That is the last of punishments is meant;
No man inflicts that paine, till hope be spent:
An ill-affected limbe (what e're it aile)
We cut not off, till all Cures else doe faile:
And then with pause; for sever'd once, that's gone,
Would live his glory that could keepe it on:
Doe not despaire my mending; to distrust
Before you prove a medicine, is unjust,
You may so place me, and in such an ayre
As not alone the Cure, but scarre be faire.
That is, if still your Favours you apply,
And not the bounties you ha' done, deny.
Could you demand the gifts you gave, againe!
Why was't? did e're the Cloudes aske back their raine?
The Sunne his heat, and light, the ayre his dew?
Or winds the Spirit, by which the flower so grew?
That were to wither all, and make a Grave
Of that wife Nature would a Cradle have?
Her order is to cherish, and preserve,
Consumptions nature to destroy, and sterve.
But to exact againe what once is given,
Is natures meere obliquitie! as Heaven
Should aske the blood, and spirits he hath infus'd
In man, because man hath the flesh abus'd.
O may your wisdome take example hence,
God lightens not at mans each fraile offence,
He pardons slips, goes by a world of ills,
And then his thunder frights more, then it kills.
He cannot angrie be, but all must quake,
It shakes even him, that all things else doth shake.
And how more faire, and lovely lookes the world
In a calme skie; then when the heaven is horl'd
About in Cloudes, and wrapt in raging weather,
As all with storme and tempest ran together.

O imitate that sweet Serenitie
That makes us live, not that which calls to die
In darke, and sullen mornes; doe we not say
This looketh like an Execution day?
And with the vulgar doth it not obtaine
The name of Cruell weather, storme, and raine?
Be not affected with these markes too much
Of crueltie, lest they doe make you such.
But view the mildnesse of your Makers state,
As I the penitents here emulate:
He when he sees a sorrow such as this,
Streight puts off all his Anger, and doth kisse
The contrite Soule, who hath no thought to win
Upon the hope to have another sin
Forgiven him; And in that lyne stand I
Rather then once displease you more, to die
To suffer tortures, scorne, and Infamie,
What Fooles, and all their Parasites can apply;
The wit of Ale, and *Genius* of the Malt
Can pumpe for; or a Libell without salt
Produce; though threatning with a coale, or chalke
On every wall, and sung where e're I walke.
I number these as being of the Chore
Of Contumelie, and urge a good man more
Then sword, or fire, or what is of the race
To carry noble danger in the face:
There is not any punishment, or paine,
A man should flie from, as he would disdaine.
Then Masters here, here let your rigour end,
And let your mercie make me asham'd t'offend.
I will no more abuse my vowes to you,
Then I will studie falshood, to be true.
O, that you could but by dissection see
How much you are the better part of me;
How all my Fibres by your Spirit doe move,
And that there is no life in me, but love.

You would be then most confident, that tho
Publike affaires command me now to goe
Out of your eyes, and be awhile away;
Absence, or Distance, shall not breed decay.
Your forme shines here, here fixed in my heart
I may dilate my selfe, but not depart.
Others by common Stars their courses run,
When I see you, then I doe see my Sun,
Till then 'tis all but darknesse, that I have,
Rather then want your light, I wish a grave.

An Elegie.

TO make the Doubt cleare that no Woman's true,
Was it my fate to prove it full in you.
Thought I but one had breath'd the purer Ayre,
And must she needs be false, because she's faire?
It is your beauties Marke, or of your youth,
Or your perfection not to studie truth;
Or thinke you heaven is deafe? or hath no eyes?
Or those it has, winke at your perjuries;
Are vowes so cheape with women? or the matter
Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water;
And blowne away with wind? or doth their breath
Both hot and cold at once, threat life and death?
Who could have thought so many accents sweet
Tun'd to our words, so many sighes should meet
Blowne from our hearts, so many oathes and teares
Sprinkled among? All sweeter by our feares,
And the Divine Impression of stolne kisses,
That seal'd the rest, could now prove emptie blisses?
Did you draw bonds to forfeit? Signe, to breake,
Or must we read you quite from what you speake,

And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
He first desire you false, would wish you just?
O, I prophane! though most of women be,
The common Monster, Love shall except thee
My dearest Love, how ever jealousie,
With Circumstance might urge the contrarie.
Sooner I'le thinke the Sunne would cease to cheare
The teeming Earth, and that forget to beare;
Sooner that Rivers would run back, or Thames
With ribs of Ice in June would bind his streames:
Or Nature, by whose strength the world indures,
Would change her course, before you alter yours:
But, O, that trecherous breast, to whom, weake you
Did trust our counsells, and we both may rue,
Having his falshood found too late! 'twas he
That made me cast you Guiltie, and you me.
Whilst he black wretch, betray'd each simple word
We spake unto the comming of a third!
Curst may he be that so our love hath slaine,
And wander wretched on the earth, as *Cain*.
Wretched as he, and not deserve least pittie
In plaguing him let miserie be wittie.
Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
Till he be noysome as his infamie;
May he without remorse deny God thrice,
And not be trusted more on his soules price;
And after all selfe-torment, when he dyes
May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes,
Swyne eat his Bowels, and his falser Tongue,
That utter'd all, be to some Raven flung,
And let his carrion corse be a longer feast
To the Kings Dogs, then any other beast.
Now I have curst, let us our love revive:
In me the flame was never more alive.
I could begin againe to court and praise,
And in that pleasure lengthen the short dayes

Of my lifes lease ; like Painters that doe take
Delight, not in made workes, but whilst they make
I could renew those times, when first I saw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the Law
To like what you lik'd, and at Masques, or Playes,
Commend the selfe-same Actors, the same wayes
Aske how you did ? and often with intent
Of being officious, grow impertinent ;
All which were such lost pastimes, as in these
Love was as subtly catch'd as a Disease.
But, being got, it is a treasure, sweet,
Which to defend, is harder than to get ;
And ought not be prophan'd on either part,
For though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.

An Elegie.

THAT Love's a bitter sweet, I ne're conceive
Till the sower Minute comes of taking leave,
And then I taste it. But as men drinke up
In haste the bottome of a med'cin'd Cup,
And take some sirrup after ; so doe I
To put all relish from my memorie
Of parting, drowne it in the hope to meet
Shortly againe : and make our absence sweet.
This makes me Mrs. that sometime by stealth
Under another Name, I take your health ;
And turne the Ceremonies of those Nights
I give, or owe my friends, into your Rites,
But ever without blazon, or least shade
Of vowes so sacred, and in silence made ;
But though Love thrive, and may grow up with cheare,
And free societie, hee's borne else-where,

And must be bred, so as to conceale his birth,
As neither wine doe rack it out, or mirth.
Yet should the Lover still be ayrie and light
In all his Actions ratified to spright
Not like a *Midas* shut up in himselfe,
And turning all he toucheth into pelfe,
Keepe in reserv'd in his Dark-lanterne face,
As if that ex'lent Dulnesse were Loves grace;
No Masters no, the open merrie Man
Moves like a sprightly River, and yet can
Keepe secret in his Channels what he breedes
'Bove all your standing waters, choak'd with weedes.
They looke at best like Creame-bowles, and you soone
Shall find their depth: they're sounded with a spoone.
They may say Grace, and for Loves Chaplaines passe;
But the grave Lover ever was an Asse;
Is fix'd upon one leg, and dares not come
Out with the other, for hee's still at home;
Like the dull wearied Crane that (come on land)
Doth while he keepes his watch, betray his stand.
Where he that knowes will like a Lapwing flie
Farre from the Nest, and so himselfe belie.
To others as he will deserve the Trust
Due to that one, that doth believe him just.
And such your Servant is, who vowes to keepe
The Jewell of your name, as close as sleepe
Can lock the Sense up, or the heart a thought,
And never be by time, or folly brought,
Weaknesse of braine, or any charme of Wine,
The sinne of Boast, or other countermine
(Made to blow up loves secrets) to discover
That Article, may not become our lover:
Which in assurance to your brest I tell,
If I had writ no word, but Deare, farewell.

An Elegie.

SINCE you must goe, and I must bid farewell,
Heare Masters, your departing servant tell
What it is like: And doe not thinke they can
Be idle words, though of a parting Man;
It is as if a night should shade noone-day,
Or that the Sun was here, but forc't away;
And we were left under that Hemisphere,
Where we must feele it Darke for halfe a yeare.
What fate is this to change mens dayes and houres,
To shift their seasons, and destroy their powers!
Alas I ha' lost my heat, my blood, my prime,
Winter is come a Quarter e're his Time,
My health will leave me; and when you depart,
How shall I doe sweet Mistris for my heart?
You would restore it? No, that's worth a feare,
As if it were not worthy to be there:
O, keepe it still; for it had rather be
Your sacrifice, then here remaine with me.
And so I spare it, Come what can become
Of me, I'le softly tread unto my Tombe;
Or like a Ghost walke silent amongst men,
Till I may See both it and you agen.

An Elegie.

LET me be what I am, as *Virgil* cold
As *Horace* fat; or as *Anacreon* old;
No Poets verses yet did ever move,
Whose Readers did not thinke he was in love.
Who shall forbid me then in Rithme to bee
As light, and Active as the youngest hee

That from the Muses fountaines doth indorse
His lynes, and hourely sits the Poets horse
Put on my Ivy Garland, let me see
Who frownes, who jealous is, who taxeth me.
Fathers, and Husbands, I doe claime a right
In all that is call'd lovely: take my sight
Sooner then my affection from the faire.
No face, no hand, proportion, line, or Ayre
Of beautie; but the Muse hath interest in:
There is not worne that lace, purle, knot or pin,
But is the Poëts matter: And he must
When he is furious love, although not lust.
But then content, your Daughters and your Wives,
(If they be faire and worth it) have their lives
Made longer by our praises. Or, if not
Wish, you had fowle ones, and deformed got;
Curst in their Cradles, or there chang'd by Elves,
So to be sure you doe injoy your selves.
Yet keepe those up in sackcloth too, or lether,
For Silke will draw some sneaking Songster thither.
It is a ryming Age, and Verses swarme
At every stall; The Cittie Cap 's a charme.
But I who live, and have liv'd twentie yeare
Where I may handle Silke, as free, and neere,
As any Mercer; or the whale-bone man
That quilts those bodies, I have leave to span:
Have eaten with the Beauties, and the wits,
And braveries of Court, and felt their fits
Of love, and hate: and came so nigh to know
Whether their faces were their owne, or no.
It is not likely I should now looke downe
Upon a Velvet Petticote, or a Gowne,
Whose like I have knowne the Taylors Wife put on
To doe her Husbands rites in, e're 'twere gone
Home to the Customer: his Letcherie
Being, the best clothes still to præoccupie.

Put a Coach-mare in Tissue, must I horse
Her presently? Or leape thy Wife of force.
When by thy sordid bountie she hath on,
A Gowne of that, was the Caparison?
So I might dote upon thy Chaires; and Stooles
That are like cloath'd, must I be of those fooles
Of race accompted, that no passion have
But when thy Wife (as thou conceiv'st) is brave?
Then ope thy wardrobe, thinke me that poore Groome
That, from the Foot-man, when he was become
And Officer there, did make most solemne love,
To ev'ry Petticote he brush'd, and Glove
He did lay up, and would adore the shooe,
Or slipper was left off, and kisse it too,
Court every hanging Gowne, and after that,
Lift up some one, and doe, I tell not what.
Thou didst tell me; and wert o're-joy'd to peepe
In at a hole, and see these Actions creepe
From the poore wretch, which though he play'd in prose,
He would have done in verse, with any of those
Wrung on the Withers, by Lord Loves despight,
Had he had the facultie to reade, and write!
Such Songsters there are store of; witnesse he
That chanc'd the lace, laid on a Smock, to see
And straight-way spent a Sonnet; with that other
That (in pure Madrigall) unto his Mother
Commended the French-hood, and Scarlet gowne
The Lady Mayresse pass'd in through the Towne,
Unto the Spittle Sermon. O, what strange
Varietie of Silkes were on th' Exchange!
Or in Moore-fields! this other night, sings one,
Another answers, 'Lasse those Silkes are none
In smiling *L'envoye*, as he would deride
Any Comparison had with his Cheap-side.
And vouches both the Pageant, and the Day,
When not the Shops, but windowes doe display

The Stuffes, the Velvets, Plushes, Fringes, Lace,
And all the originall roiots of the place:
Let the poore fooles enjoy their follies, love
A Goat in Velvet; or some block could move
Under that cover; an old Mid-wives hat!
Or a Close-stoole so cas'd; or any fat
Bawd, in a Velvet scabberd! I envy
None of their pleasures! nor will aske thee, why
Thou art jealous of thy Wifes, or Daughters Case:
More then of eithers manners, wit, or face!

An Execration upon Vulcan.

AND why to me this thou lame Lord of fire,
What had I done that might call on thine ire?
Or urge thy Greedie flame, thus to devoure
So many my Yeares-labours in an houre?
I ne're attempted *Vulcan* 'gainst thy life;
Nor made least line of love to thy loose Wife;
Or in remembrance of thy afront, and scorne
With Clownes, and Tradesmen, kept thee clos'd in horne.
'Twas *Jupiter* that hurl'd thee headlong downe,
And *Mars*, that gave thee a Lanthorne for a Crowne:
Was it because thou wert of old denied
By *Jove* to have *Minerva* for thy Bride.
That since thou tak'st all envious care and paine,
To ruine any issue of the braine?
Had I wrote treason there, or heresie,
Imposture, witchcraft, charmes, or blasphemie?
I had deserv'd then, thy consuming lookes,
Perhaps, to have beene burned with my bookes.
But, on thy malice, tell me, didst thou spie
Any, least loose, or surrile paper, lie
Conceal'd, or kept there, that was fit to be,
By thy owne vote, a sacrifice to thee?

Did I there wound the honours of the Crowne?
Or taxe the Glories of the Church, and Gowne?
Itch to defame the State? or brand the Times?
And my selfe most, in some selfe-boasting Rimes?
If none of these, then why this fire? Or find
A cause before; or leave me one behind.
Had I compil'd from *Amadis de Gaule*,
Th' *Esplandians*, *Arthur's*, *Palmerins*, and all
The learned Librarie of *Don Quixote*;
And so some goodlier monster had begot,
Or spun out Riddles, and weav'd fittie tomes
Of *Logogriphes*, and curious *Palindromes*,
Or pomp'd for those hard trifles *Anagrams*,
Or *Eteostichs*, or those finer flammes
Of Egges, and Halberds, Cradles, and a Herse,
A paire of Scisars, and a Combe in verse;
Acrostichs, and *Telestichs*, on jumpe names,
Thou then hadst had some colour for thy flames,
On such my serious follies; But, thou 'lt say,
There were some pieces of as base allay,
And as false stampe there; parcels of a Play,
Fitter to see the fire-light, then the day;
Adulterate moneys, such as might not goe:
Thou should'st have stay'd, till publike fame said so.
Shee is the Judge, Thou Executioner,
Or if thou needs would'st trench upon her power,
Thou mightst have yet enjoy'd thy crueltie
With some more thrift, and more varietie:
Thou mightst have had me perish, piece, by piece,
To light Tobacco, or save roasted Geese.
Sindge Capons, or poore Pigges, dropping their eyes;
Condemn'd me to the Ovens with the pies;
And so, have kept me dying a whole age,
Not ravish'd all hence in a minutes rage.
But that 's a marke, wherof thy Rites doe boast,
To make consumption, ever where thou go'st;

Had I fore-knowne of this thy least desire
T' have held a Triumph, or a feast of fire,
Especially in paper; that, that steame
Had tickled your large Nosthrill: many a Reame
To redeeme mine, I had sent in enough,
Thou should'st have cry'd, and all beene proper stuffe.
The *Talmud*, and the *Alcoran* had come,
With pieces of the *Legend*; The whole summe
Of errant Knight-hood, with the Dames, and Dwarfes;
The charmed Boates, and the inchanted Wharfes,
The *Tristram's*, *Lanc'lots*, *Turpins*, and the *Peer's*;
All the madde *Rolands*, and sweet *Oliveer's*;
To *Merlins* Marvailes, and his *Caballs* losse,
With the Chimæra of the *Rosie-Crosse*,
Their Seales, their Characters, Hermetique rings,
Their Jemme of Riches, and bright Stone, that brings
Invisibilitie, and strength, and tongues:
The art of kindling the true Coale, by lungs
With *Nicholas Pasquill's*, Medle with your match,
And the strong lines, that so the time doe catch,
Or Captaine *Pamplets* horse, and foot; that sallie
Upon th' Exchange, still out of Popes-head-Alley.
The weekly Corrants, with *Poules* Seale; and all
Th' admir'd discourses of the Prophet *Ball*:
These, had'st thou pleas'd either to dine, or sup,
Had made a meale for *Vulcan* to lick up.
But in my Deske, what was there to accite
So ravenous, and vast an appetite?
I dare not say a body, but some parts
There were of search, and mastry in the Arts.
All the old *Venusine*, in *Poëtrie*,
And lighted by the *Stagerite*, could spie,
Was there mad English: with the Grammar too,
To teach some that, their Nurses could not doe.
The puritie of Language; and among
The rest, my journey into *Scotland* song,

With all th' adventures; Three bookes not afraid
To speake the fate of the *Sicilian* Maid
To our owne Ladyes; and in storie there
Of our fift *Henry*, eight of his nine yeare;
Wherein was oyle, beside the succour spent,
Which noble *Carew*, *Cotton*, *Selden* lent:
And twice-twelve-yeares stor'd up humanitie,
With humble Gleanings in Divinitie;
After the Fathers, and those wiser Guides
Whom Faction had not drawne to studie sides.
How in these ruines *Vulcan*, thou dost lurke,
All soote, and embers! odious, as thy worke!
I now begin to doubt, if ever Grace,
Or Goddesse, could be patient of thy face.
Thou woo *Minerva*! or to wit aspire!
'Cause thou canst halt, with us in Arts, and Fire!
Sonne of the Wind! for so thy mother gone
With lust conceiv'd thee; Father thou hadst none.
When thou wert borne, and that thou look'st at best,
She durst not kisse, but flung thee from her brest.
And so did *Jove*, who ne're meant thee his Cup:
Nor mar'le the Clownes of *Lemnos* tooke thee up.
For none but Smiths would have made thee a God.
Some Alchimist there may be yet, or odde
Squire of the Squibs, against the Pageant day,
May to thy name a *Vulcanale* say;
And for it lose his eyes with Gun-powder,
As th' other may his braines with Quicksilver.
Well-fare the Wise-man yet, on the *Banckside*,
My friends, the Watermen! They could provide
Against thy furie, when to serve their needs,
They made a *Vulcan* of a sheafe of Reedes,
Whom they durst handle in their holy-day coates,
And safely trust to dresse, not burne their Boates.
But, O those Reeds! thy meere disdaine of them,
Made thee beget that cruell Stratagem,

(Which, some are pleas'd to stile but thy madde pranck)
Against the *Globe*, the Glory of the *Banke*.
Which, though it were the Fort of the whole Parish,
Flanck'd with a Ditch, and forc'd out of a Marish,
I saw with two poore Chambers taken in [beene!
And raz'd; e're thought could urge, this might have
See the worlds Ruines! nothing but the piles
Left! and wit since to cover it with Tiles.
The Brethren, they streight nois'd it out for Newes,
'Twas verily some Relique of the Stewes.
And this a Sparkle of that fire let loose
That was lock'd up in the *Winchestrian* Goose
Bred on the *Banck*, in time of Poperie,
When *Venus* there maintain'd in Misterie.
But, others fell, with that conceipt by the eares,
And cry'd, it was a threatning to the beares;
And that accursed ground, the *Parish-Garden*:
Nay, sigh'd, ah Sister 'twas the Nun, *Kate Arden*
Kindled the fire! But, then did one returne,
No Foole would his owne harvest spoile, or burne!
If that were so, thou rather would'st advance
The place, that was thy Wives inheritance.
O no, cry'd all. *Fortune*, for being a whore,
Scap'd not his Justice any jot the more:
He burnt that Idoll of the *Revels* too:
Nay, let *White-Hall* with Revels have to doe,
Though but in daunces, it shall know his power;
There was a Judgement shew'n too in an houre.
Hee is true *Vulcan* still! He did not spare
Troy, though it were so much his *Venus* care.
Foole, wilt thou let that in example come?
Did not she save from thence, to build a *Rome*?
And what hast thou done in these pettie spights,
More then advanc'd the houses, and their rites?
I will not argue thee, from those of guilt,
For they were burnt, but to be better built.

'Tis true, that in thy wish they were destroy'd,
Which thou hast only vented, not enjoy'd.
So would'st th' have run upon the *Rolls* by stealth,
And didst invade part of the Common-wealth,
In those Records, which were all Chronicles gone,
Will be remembred by *Six Clerkes*, to one.
But, say all sixe, Good Men, what answer yee?
Lyes there no Writ, out of the *Chancerie*
Against this *Vulcan*? No Injunction?
No order? no Decree? Though we be gone
At *Common-Law*: Me thinkes in his despight
A Court of *Equitie* should doe us right.
But to confine him to the Brew-houses,
The Glasse-house, Dye-fats and their Fornaces;
To live in Sea-coale, and goe forth in smoake;
Or left that vapour might the Citie choake,
Condemne him to the Brick-kills, or some Hill-
Foot (out in *Sussex*) to an iron Mill;
Or in small Fagots have him blaze about
Vile Tavernes, and the Drunkards pisse him out;
Or in the *Bell*-Mans Lanthorne like a spie,
Burne to a snuffe, and then stinke out, and die:
I could invent a sentence, yet were worse;
But I 'le conclude all in a civill curse.
Pox on your flameship, *Vulcan*; if it be
To all as fatall as 't hath beene to me,
And to *Pauls Steeple*; which was unto us
'Bove all your Fire-workes, had at *Ephesus*,
Or *Alexandria*; and though a Divine
Losse remaines yet, as unrepair'd as mine.
Would you had kept your Forge, at *Ætna* still, [fill.
And there made Swords, Bills, Glaves, and Armes your
Maintain'd the trade at *Bilbo*; or else-where;
Strooke in at *Millan* with the Cutlers there;
Or stay'd but where the Fryar, and you first met,
Who from the Divels-Arse did Guns beget,

Or fixt in the *Low-Countrey's*, where you might
On both sides doe your mischiefes with delight;
Blow up, and ruine, myne, and countermyne,
Make your Petards, and Granats, all your fine
Engines of Murder, and receive the praise
Of massacring Man-kind so many wayes,
We aske your absence here, we all love peace,
And pray the fruites thereof, and the increase;
So doth the *King*, and most of the *Kings men*
That have good places: therefore once agen,
Pox on thee *Vulcan*, thy *Pandora's* pox,
And all the Evils that flew out of her box
Light on thee: Or if those plagues will not doo,
Thy Wives pox on thee, and *B.Bs.* too.

A speach according to Horace.

WHY yet my noble hearts they cannot say,
But we have Powder still for the Kings Day,
And Ord'nance too: so much as from the Tower
'T have wak'd, if sleeping, *Spaines* Ambassadour
Old *Æsope Gundomar*: the French can tell,
For they did see it the last tilting well,
That we have Trumpets, Armour, and great Horse,
Launces, and men, and some a breaking force.
They saw too store of feathers, and more may,
If they stay here, but till Saint *Georges* Day.
All Ensignes of a Warre, are not yet dead,
Nor markes of wealth so from our Nation fled,
But they may see Gold-Chaines, and Pearle worne then,
Lent by the *London* Dames, to the Lords men;
Withall, the dirtie paines those Citizens take,
To see the Pride at Court, their Wives doe make:
And the returne those thankfull Courtiers yeeld
To have their Husbands drawne forth to the field,

And comming home, to tell what acts were done
Under the Auspice of young *Swynnerton*.
What a strong Fort old *Pimblicoe* had beene!
How it held out! how (last) 'twas taken in!
Well, I say thrive, thrive brave Artillerie yard,
Thou Seed-plot of the warre, that hast not spar'd
Powder, or paper, to bring up the youth
Of *London*, in the Militarie truth,
These ten yeares day; As all may sweare that looke
But on thy practice, and the Posture booke:
He that but saw thy curious Captaines drill,
Would thinke no more of *Vlushing*, or the Brill:
But give them over to the common eare
For that unnecessarie Charge they were
Well did thy craftie Clerke, and Knight, Sir *Hugh*
Supplant bold *Panton*; and brought there to view
Translated *Ælian* tactickes to be read,
And the Greeke Discipline (with the moderne) shed
So, in that ground, as soone it grew to be
The Cittie-Question, whether *Tilly*, or he,
Were now the greater Captaine? for they saw
The *Berghen* siege, and taking in *Breda*,
So acted to the life, as *Maurice* might,
And *Spinola* have blushed at the sight.
O happie Art! and wise Epitome
Of bearing Armes! most civill Soldierie!
Thou canst draw forth thy forces, and fight drie
The Battells of thy Aldermanitie;
Without the hazard of a drop of blood:
More then the surfets, in thee, that day stood.
Goe on, increast in vertue; and in fame:
And keepe the Glorie of the English name,
Up among Nations. In the stead of bold
Beauchamps, and *Nevills*, *Cliffords*, *Audley's* old;
Insert thy *Hodges*, and those newer men.
As *Stiles*, *Dike*, *Ditchfield*, *Millar*, *Crips*, and *Fen*:

That keepe the warre, though now 't be growne more tame
Alive yet, in the noise; and still the same
And could (if our great men would let their Sonnes
Come to their Schooles,) show 'hem the use of Guns.
And there instruct the noble English heires
In Politique, and Militar Affaires;
But he that should perswade, to have this done
For education of our Lordings; Soone
Should he heare of billow, wind, and storme,
From the Tempestuous Grandlings, who 'll informe
Us, in our bearing, that are thus, and thus,
Borne, bred, allied? what 's he dare tutor us?
Are we by Booke-wormes to be awde? must we
Live by their Scale, that dare doe nothing free?
Why are we rich, or great, except to show
All licence in our lives? What need we know?
More then to praise a Dog? or Horse? or speake
The Hawking language? or our Day to breake
With Citizens? let Clownes; and Tradesmen breed
Their Sonnes to studie Arts, the Lawes, the Creed:
We will beleeve like men of our owne Ranke,
In so much land a yeare, or such a Banke,
That turnes us so much moneys, at which rate
Our Ancestors impos'd on Prince and State.
Let poore Nobilitie be vertuous: Wee,
Descended in a rope of Titles, be
From *Guy*, or *Bevis*, *Arthur*, or from whom
The Herald will. Our blood is now become,
Past any need of vertue. Let them care,
That in the Cradle of their Gentrie are;
To serve the State by Councels, and by Armes:
We neither love the Troubles, nor the harmes.
What love you then? your whore? what study? gate,
Carriage, and dressing. There is up of late?
The Academie, where the Gallants meet—
What to make legs? yes, and to smell most sweet,

All that they doe at Playes. O, but first here
They learne and studie; and then practise there.
But why are all these Irons i' the fire
Of severall makings? helps, helps, t' attire
His Lordship. That is for his Band, his haire
This, and that box his Beautie to repaire;
This other for his eye-browes; hence, away,
I may no longer on these pictures stay,
These Carkasses of honour; Taylors blocks,
Cover'd with Tissue, whose prosperitie mocks
The fate of things: whilst totter'd vertue holds
Her broken Armes up, to their emptie moulds.

An Epistle to Master

Arth: Squib.

WHAT I am not, and what I faine would be,
Whilst I informe my selfe, I would teach thee,
My gentle *Arthur*; that it might be said
One lesson we have both learn'd, and well read;
I neither am, nor art thou one of those
That hearkens to a Jacks-pulse, when it goes.
Nor ever trusted to that friendship, yet
Was issue of the Taverne, or the Spit:
Much lesse a name would we bring up, or nurse,
That could but claime a kindred from the purse.
Those are poore Ties, depend on those false ends
'Tis vertue alone, or nothing that knits friends:
And as within your Office, you doe take
No piece of money, but you know, or make
Inquirie of the worth: So must we doe,
First weigh a friend, then touch, and trie him too:
For there are many slips, and Counterfeits.
Deceit is fruitfull. Men have Masques and nets,

But these with wearing will themselves unfold:
They cannot last. No lie grew ever old.
Turne him, and see his Threds: looke, if he be
Friend to himselfe, that would be friend to thee.
For that is first requir'd, A man be his owne.
But he that's too-much that, is friend of none.
Then rest, and a friends value understand
It is a richer Purchase then of land.

An Epigram on Sir Edward Coke, *when he was Lord chiefe Justice of* England.

HE that should search all Glories of the Gowne,
And steps of all rais'd servants of the Crowne
He could not find, then thee of all that store
Whom Fortune aided lesse, or vertue more,
Such, *Coke*, were thy beginnings, when thy good
In others evill best was understood:
When, being the Strangers helpe, the poore mans aide,
Thy just defences made th' oppressor afraid.
Such was thy Processe, when Integritie,
And skill in thee, now, grew Authoritie;
That Clients strove, in Question of the Lawes,
More for thy Patronage, then for their Cause,
And that thy strong and manly Eloquence
Stood up thy Nations fame, her Crownes defence,
And now such is thy stand; while thou dost deale
Desired Justice to the publique Weale
Like *Solons* selfe; explat'st the knottie Lawes
With endlesse labours, whilst thy learning drawes
No lesse of praise, then readers in all kinds
Of worthiest knowledge, that can take mens minds.
Such is thy All; that (as I sung before)
None Fortune aided lesse, or Vertue more.
Or if Chance must, to each man that doth rise
Needs lend an aide, to thine she had her eyes.

An Epistle answering to one that asked to be Sealed of the Tribe of Ben.

MEN that are safe, and sure, in all they doe,
Care not what trials they are put unto;
They meet the fire, the Test, as Martyrs would;
And though Opinion stampe them not, are gold;
I could say more of such, but that I flie
To speake my selfe out too ambitiously,
And shewing so weake an Act to vulgar eyes;
Put conscience and my right to comprimise.
Let those that meerely talke, and never thinke,
That live in the wild Anarchie of Drinke
Subject to quarrell only; or else such
As make it their proficiencie, how much
They 'ave glutted in, and letcher'd out that weeke,
That never yet did friend, or friendship seeke
But for a Sealing: let these men protest.
Or th' other on their borders, that will jeast
On all Soules that are absent; even the dead
Like flies, or wormes, which mans corrupt parts fed:
That to speake well, thinke it above all sinne,
Of any Companie but that they are in,
Call every night to Supper in these fitts,
And are receiv'd for the Covey of Witts;
That censure all the Towne, and all th' affaires,
And know whose ignorance is more then theirs;
Let these men have their wayes, and take their times
To vent their Libels, and to issue rimes,
I have no portion in them, nor their deale
Of newes they get, to strew out the long meale,
I studie other friendships, and more one,
Then these can ever be; or else wish none.

What is 't to me whether the French Designe
Be, or be not, to get the *Val-telline*?
Or the States Ships sent forth belike to meet
Some hopes of *Spaine* in their West-Indian Fleet?
Whether the Dispensation yet be sent,
Or that the Match from *Spaine* was ever meant?
I wish all well, and pray high heaven conspire
My Princes safetie, and my Kings desire,
But if for honour, we must draw the Sword,
And force back that, which will not be restor'd,
I have a body, yet, that spirit drawes
To live, or fall, a Carkasse in the cause.
So farre without inquirie what the States,
Brunsfield, and *Mansfield* doe this yeare, my fates
Shall carry me at Call; and I 'le be well,
Though I doe neither heare these newes, nor tell
Of *Spaine* or *France*; or were not prick'd downe one
Of the late Mysterie of reception,
Although my Fame, to his, not under-heares,
That guides the Motions, and directs the beares.
But that 's a blow, by which in time I may
Lose all my credit with my Christmas Clay,
And animated *Porc'lane* of the Court,
I, and for this neglect, the courser sort
Of earthen Jarres, there may molest me too:
Well, with mine owne fraile Pitcher, what to doe
I have decreed; keepe it from waves, and presse;
Lest it be justled, crack'd, made nought, or lesse:
Live to that point I will, for which I am man,
And dwell as in my Center, as I can
Still looking too, and ever loving heaven;
With reverence using all the gifts then given.
'Mongst which, if I have any friendships sent
Such as are square, wel-tagde, and permanent,
Not built with Canvasse, paper, and false lights
As are the Glorious Scenes, at the great sights;

And that there be no fev'ry heats, nor colds,
Oylie Expansions, or shrunke durtie folds,
But all so cleare, and led by reasons flame,
As but to stumble in her sight were shame.
These I will honour, love, embrace, and serve:
And free it from all question to preserve.
So short you read my Character, and theirs
I would call mine, to which not many Staires
Are asked to climbe. First give me faith, who know
My selfe a little. I will take you so,
As you have writ your selfe. Now stand, and then
Sir, you are Sealed of the Tribe of *Ben.*

The Dedication of the Kings new Cellar.

To Bacchus.

SINCE, *Bacchus*, thou art father
Of Wines, to thee the rather
We dedicate this Cellar,
Where new, thou art made Dweller;
And seale thee thy Commission:
But 'tis with a condition,
That thou remaine here taster
Of all to the great Master.
And looke unto their faces,
Their Qualities, and races,
That both, their odour take him,
And relish merry make him.
For *Bacchus* thou art freer
Of cares, and over-seer,
Of feast, and merry meeting,
And still begin'st the greeting:
See then thou dost attend him
Lyæus, and defend him,

By all the Arts of Gladnesse
From any thought like sadnesse.
So mayst thou still be younger
Then *Phœbus*; and much stronger
To give mankind their eases,
And cure the Worlds diseases:
So may the Muses follow
Thee still, and leave *Apollo*
And thinke thy streame more quicker
Then *Hippocrenes* liquor:
And thou make many a Poet,
Before his braine doe know it;
So may there never Quarrell
Have issue from the Barrell;
But *Venus* and the Graces
Pursue thee in all places,
And not a Song be other
Then *Cupid*, and his Mother.
That when King *James*, above here
Shall feast it, thou maist love there
The causes and the Guests too,
And have thy tales and jests too,
Thy Circuits, and thy Rounds free
As shall the feasts faire grounds be.
Be it he hold Communion
In great Saint *Georges* Union;
Or gratulates the passage
Of some wel-wrought Embassage:
Whereby he may knit sure up
The wished Peace of *Europe*:
Or else a health advances,
To put his Court in dances,
And set us all on skipping,
When with his royall shipping
The narrow Seas are shadie,
And *Charles* brings home the Ladie.

Accessit fervor Capiti, Numerusque Lucernis.

An Epigram
on
The Court Pucell.

DO'S the Court-Pucell then so censure me,
And thinkes I dare not her? let the world see.
What though her Chamber be the very pit
Where fight the prime Cocks of the Game, for wit?
And that as any are strooke, her breath creates
New in their stead, out of the Candidates?
What though with Tribade lust she force a Muse,
And in an Epicæne fury can write newes
Equall with that, which for the best newes goes
As aërie light, and as like wit as those?
What though she talke, and cannot once with them,
Make State, Religion, Bawdrie, all a theame.
And as lip-thirstie, in each words expence,
Doth labour with the Phrase more then the sense?
What though she ride two mile on Holy-dayes
To Church, as others doe to Feasts and Playes,
To shew their Tires? to view, and to be view'd?
What though she be with Velvet gownes indu'd,
And spangled Petticotes brought forth to eye,
As new rewards of her old secrecie!
What though she hath won on Trust, as many doe,
And that her truster feares her? Must I too?
I never stood for any place: my wit
Thinkes it selfe nought, though she should valew it.
I am no States-man, and much lesse Divine
For bawdry, 'tis her language, and not mine.
Farthest I am from the Idolatrie
To stuffes and Laces, those my Man can buy.
And trust her I would least, that hath forswore
In Contract twice, what can shee perjure more?

Indeed, her Dressing some man might delight,
  Her face there 's none can like by Candle light.
Not he, that should the body have, for Case
  To his poore Instrument, now out of grace.
Shall I advise thee *Pucell*? steale away
  From Court, while yet thy fame hath some small day;
The wits will leave you, if they once perceive
  You cling to Lords, and Lords, if them you leave
For Sermoneeres: of which now one, now other,
  They say you weekly invite with fits o' th' Mother,
And practise for a Miracle; take heed
  This Age would lend no faith to *Dorrels* Deed;
Or if it would, the Court is the worst place,
  Both for the Mothers, and the Babes of grace,
For there the wicked in the Chaire of scorne,
  Will cal 't a Bastard, when a Prophet 's borne.

An Epigram.

To the honour'd
—— *Countesse of ...*

THE Wisdome Madam of your private Life,
  Where with this while you live a widowed wife,
And the right wayes you take unto the right,
  To conquer rumour, and triumph on spight;
Not only shunning by your act, to doe
  Ought that is ill, but the suspition too,
Is of so brave example, as he were
  No friend to vertue, could be silent here.
The rather when the vices of the Time
  Are growne so fruitfull, and false pleasures climbe
By all oblique Degrees, that killing height
  From whence they fall, cast downe with their owne weight.

And though all praise bring nothing to your name,
Who (herein studying conscience, and not fame)
Are in your selfe rewarded; yet 't will be
A cheerefull worke to all good eyes, to see
Among the daily Ruines that fall foule,
Of State, of fame, of body, and of soule,
So great a Vertue stand upright to view,
As makes *Penelopes* old fable true,
Whilst your *Ulisses* hath ta'ne leave to goe,
Countries, and Climes, manners, and men to know.
Only your time you better entertaine,
Then the great *Homers* wit, for her, could faine;
For you admit no companie, but good,
And when you want those friends, or neere in blood,
Or your Allies, you make your bookes your friends,
And studie them unto the noblest ends,
Searching for knowledge, and to keepe your mind
The same it was inspir'd, rich, and refin'd.
These Graces, when the rest of Ladyes view
Not boasted in your life, but practis'd true,
As they are hard, for them to make their owne,
So are they profitable to be knowne:
For when they find so many meet in one,
It will be shame for them, if they have none.

Lord Bacons *Birth-day.*

HAILE happie *Genius* of this antient pile!
How comes it all things so about the smile?
The fire, the wine, the men! and in the midst,
Thou stand'st as if some Mysterie thou did'st!
Pardon, I read it in thy face the day,
For whose returnes, and many, all these pray:
And so doe I. This is the sixtieth yeare
Since *Bacon*, and thy Lord was borne, and here;

Sonne to the grave wise Keeper of the Seale,
Fame, and foundation of the English Weale.
What then his Father was, that since is hee,
Now with a Title more to the Degree;
Englands high Chancellor: the destin'd heire
In his soft Cradle to his Fathers Chaire,
Whose even Thred the Fates spinne round, and full,
Out of their Choysest, and their whitest wooll.
'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be knowne,
For 't were a narrow gladnesse, kept thine owne.
Give me a deep-crown'd-Bowle, that I may sing
In raysing him the wisdome of my King.

A Poëme sent me by Sir William Burlase.

The Painter to the Poet.

TO paint thy Worth, if rightly I did know it,
And were but Painter halfe like thee, a Poët;
Ben, I would show it:
But in this skill, m' unskilfull pen will tire,
Thou, and thy worth, will still be found farre higher;
And I a Lier.
Then, what a Painter 's here? or, what an eater
Of great attempts! when as his skil's no greater,
And he a Cheater?
Then what a Poet 's here! whom, by Confession
Of all with me, to paint without Digression
There 's no Expression.

My Answer.

The Poet to the Painter.

WHY? though I seeme of a prodigious wast,
I am not so voluminous, and vast,
But there are lines, wherewith I might b' embrac'd.

'Tis true, as my wombe swells, so my backe stoupes,
And the whole lumpe growes round, deform'd, and droupes,
But yet the Tun at *Heidelberg* had houpes.

You were not tied, by any Painters Law
To square my Circle, I confesse; but draw
My Superficies: that was all you saw.

Which if in compasse of no Art it came
To be described by a *Monogram*,
With one great blot, yo' had form'd me as I am.

But whilst you curious were to have it be
An *Archetipe*, for all the world to see,
You made it a brave piece, but not like me.

O, had I now your manner, maistry, might,
Your Power of handling, shadow, ayre and spright,
How I would draw, and take hold and delight.

Put, you are he can paint; I can but write:
A Poet hath no more but black and white,
Ne knowes he flatt'ring Colours, or false light.

Yet when of friendship I would draw the face
A letter'd mind, and a large heart would place
To all posteritie; I will write *Burlase*.

An Epigram.

To,

William, *Earle of* Newcastle.

WHEN first my Lord, I saw you backe your horse,
  Provoke his metall, and command his force
To all the uses of the field, and race,
  Me thought I read the ancient Art of *Thrace*,
And saw a Centaure, past those tales of *Greece*,
  So seem'd your horse; and you both of a peece!

You shew'd like *Perseus* upon *Pegasus*;
Or *Castor* mounted on his *Cyllarus*:
Or what we heare our home-borne Legend tell,
Of bold Sir *Bevis*, and his *Arundell*:
Nay, so your Seate his beauties did endorse,
As I began to wish my selfe a horse:
And surely had I but your Stable seene
Before: I thinke my wish absolv'd had beene.
For never saw I yet the Muses dwell,
Nor any of their household halfe so well.
So well! as when I saw the floore, and Roome
I look'd for *Hercules* to be the Groome:
And cri'd, away, with the *Cæsarian* bread,
At these Immortall Mangers *Virgil* fed.

Epistle

To Mr. Arthur Squib.

I am to dine, Friend, where I must be weigh'd
For a just wager, and that wager paid
If I doe lose it: And, without a Tale
A Merchants Wife is Regent of the Scale.
Who when shee heard the match, concluded streight,
An ill commoditie! 'T must make good weight.
So that upon the point, my corporall feare
Is, she will play Dame Justice, too severe;
And hold me to it close; to stand upright
Within the ballance; and not want a mite;
But rather with advantage to be found
Full twentie stone; of which I lack two pound:
That 's six in silver; now within the Socket
Stinketh my credit, if into the Pocket
It doe not come: One piece I have in store,
Lend me, deare *Arthur*, for a weeke five more,

And you shall make me good, in weight, and fashion,
And then to be return'd; or protestation
To goe out after —— till when take this letter
For your securitie. I can no better.

To
Mr. John Burges.

WOULD God my *Burges*, I could thinke
Thoughts worthy of thy gift, this Inke,
Then would I promise here to give
Verse, that should thee, and me out-live.
But since the Wine hath steep'd my braine
I only can the Paper staine;
Yet with a Dye, that feares no Moth.
But Scarlet-like out-lasts the Cloth.

Epistle.
To my Lady Covell.

YOU won not Verses, Madam, you won mee,
When you would play so nobly, and so free.
A booke to a few lynes: but, it was fit
You won them too, your oddes did merit it,
So have you gain'd a Servant, and a Muse:
The first of which I feare, you will refuse;
And you may justly, being a tardie cold,
Unprofitable Chattell, fat and old,
Laden with Bellie, and doth hardly approach
His friends, but to breake Chaires, or cracke a Coach.
His weight is twenty Stone within two pound;
And that 's made up as doth the purse abound.
Marrie the Muse is one, can tread the Aire,
And stroke the water, nimble, chast, and faire,

Sleepe in a Virgins bosome without feare,
Run all the Rounds in a soft Ladyes eare,
Widow or Wife, without the jealousie
Of either Suitor, or a Servant by.
Such, (if her manners like you) I doe send:
And can for other Graces her commend,
To make you merry on the Dressing stoole
A mornings, and at afternoones to foole
Away ill company, and helpe in rime,
Your *Joane* to passe her melancholie time.
By this, although you fancie not the man
Accept his Muse; and tell, I know you can:
How many verses, Madam, are your Due!
I can lose none in tendring these to you.
I gaine, in having leave to keepe my Day,
And should grow rich, had I much more to pay.

To Master John Burges.

FATHER *John Burges,*
Necessitie urges
My wofull crie,
To Sir *Robert Pie*:
And that he will venter
To send my *Debentur.*
Tell him his *Ben*
Knew the time, when
He lov'd the Muses;
Though now he refuses,
To take Apprehension
Of a yeares Pension,
And more is behind:
Put him in mind
Christmas is neere;
And neither good Cheare,

Mirth, fooling, nor wit,
Nor any least fit
Of gambol, or sport
Will come at the Court,
If there be no money,
No Plover, or Coney
Will come to the Table,
Or Wine to enable
The Muse, or the Poet,
The Parish will know it.
Nor any quick-warming-pan helpe him to bed,
If the 'Chequer be emptie, so will be his Head.

Epigram, to my Book-seller.

THOU, Friend, wilt heare all censures; unto thee
All mouthes are open, and all stomacks free:
Bee thou my Bookes intelligencer, note
What each man sayes of it, and of what coat
His judgement is; If he be wise, and praise,
Thanke him: if other, hee can give no Bayes.
If his wit reach no higher, but to spring
Thy Wife a fit of laughter; a Cramp-ring
Will be reward enough: to weare like those,
That hang their richest jewells i' their nose;
Like a rung Beare, or Swine: grunting out wit
As if that part lay for a [ ] most fit!
If they goe on, and that thou lov'st a-life
Their perfum'd judgements, let them kisse thy Wife.

An Epigram.

To William *Earle of* Newcastle.

THEY talke of Fencing, and the use of Armes,
The art of urging, and avoyding harmes,
The noble Science, and the maistring skill
Of making just approaches how to kill:

To hit in angles, and to clash with time:
As all defence, or offence were a chime!
I hate such measur'd, give me mettall'd fire
That trembles in the blaze, but (then) mounts higher!
A quick, and dazeling motion! when a paire
Of bodies, meet like rarified ayre!
Their weapons shot out, with that flame, and force,
As they out-did the lightning in the course;
This were a spectacle! A sight to draw
Wonder to Valour! No, it is the Law
Of daring, not to doe a wrong, is true
Valour! to sleight it, being done to you!
To know the heads of danger! where 'tis fit
To bend, to breake, provoke, or suffer it!
All this (my Lord) is Valour! This is yours!
And was your Fathers! All your Ancestours!
Who durst live great, 'mongst all the colds, and heates,
Of humane life! as all the frosts, and sweates
Of fortune! when, or death appear'd, or bands!
And valiant were, with, or without their hands.

An Epitaph, on Henry

L. La-ware.

To the Passer-by.

IF, Passenger, thou canst but reade:
Stay, drop a teare for him that 's dead,
Henry, the brave young Lord *La-ware*,
Minerva's and the *Muses* care!
What could their care doe 'gainst the spight
Of a Disease, that lov'd no light
Of honour, nor no ayre of good?
But crept like darknesse through his blood?

Offended with the dazeling flame
Of Vertue, got above his name?
No noble furniture of parts,
No love of action, and high Arts.
No aime at glorie, or in warre,
Ambition to become a Starre,
Could stop the malice of this ill,
That spread his body o're, to kill:
And only, his great Soule envy'd,
Because it durst have noblier dy'd.

An Epigram.

THAT you have seene the pride, beheld the sport,
And all the games of Fortune, plaid at Court;
View'd there the mercat, read the wretched rate
At which there are, would sell the Prince, and State:
That scarce you heare a publike voyce alive,
But whisper'd Counsells, and those only thrive;
Yet are got off thence, with cleare mind, and hands
To lift to heaven: who is 't not understands
Your happinesse, and doth not speake you blest,
To see you set apart, thus, from the rest,
T' obtaine of God, what all the Land should aske?
A Nations sinne got pardon'd! 'twere a taske?
Fit for a Bishops knees! O bow them oft,
My Lord, till felt griefe make our stone hearts soft,
And wee doe weepe, to water, for our sinne.
He, that in such a flood, as we are in
Of riot, and consumption knowes the way,
To teach the people, how to fast, and pray,
And doe their penance, to avert Gods rod,
He is the Man, and Favorite of God.

An Epigram.

To K. Charles

for a 100. *pounds be sent me in my sicknesse.*

GREAT Charles, among the holy gifts of grace
Annexed to thy Person, and thy place,
'T is not enough (thy pietie is such)
To cure the call'd *Kings Evill* with thy touch;
But thou wilt yet a Kinglier mastrie trie,
To cure the *Poëts Evill*, Povertie:
And, in these Cures, do'st so thy selfe enlarge,
As thou dost cure our *Evill*, at thy charge.
Nay, and in this, thou show'st to value more
One *Poët*, then of other folke ten score.
O pietie! so to weigh the poores estates!
O bountie! so to difference the rates!
What can the *Poët* wish, his *King* may doe,
But, that he cure the Peoples Evill too?

To K. Charles, *and Q.* Mary.

For the losse of their first-borne, An Epigram Consolatorie.

WHO dares denie, that all first fruits are due
To God, denies the God-head to be true:
Who doubts, those fruits God can with gaine restore,
Doth by his doubt, distrust his promise more.
Hee can, he will, and with large int'rest pay,
What (at his liking) he will take away.
Then Royall Charles, and Mary, doe not grutch
That the Almighties will to you is such:

But thanke his greatnesse, and his goodnesse too;
And thinke all still the best, that he will doe.
That thought shall make, he will this losse supply
With a long, large, and blest posteritie!
For God, whose essence is so infinite,
Cannot but heape that grace, he will requite.

An Epigram.

To our great and good K. Charles

On his Anniversary Day.

HOW happy were the Subject? if he knew
Most pious King, but his owne good in you!
How many times, live long, Charles, would he say,
If he but weigh'd the blessings of this day?
And as it turnes our joyfull yeare about,
For safetie of such majestie, cry out?
Indeed, when had great *Brittaine* greater cause
Then now, to love the Soveraigne, and the Lawes?
When you that raigne, are her Example growne,
And what are bounds to her, you make your owne?
When your assiduous practice doth secure
That Faith, which she professeth to be pure?
When all your life 's a president of dayes,
And murmure cannot quarrell at your wayes?
How is she barren growne of love! or broke!
That nothing can her gratitude provoke!
O Times! O Manners! Surfet, bred of ease
The truly Epidemicall disease!
'T is not alone the Merchant, but the Clowne,
Is Banke-rupt turn'd! the Cassock, Cloake, and Gowne,
Are lost upon accompt! And none will know
How much to heaven for thee, great Charles they owe!

An Epigram on the Princes birth.

AND art thou borne, brave Babe? Blest be thy birth?
That so hath crown'd our hopes, our spring, and earth,
The bed of the chast *Lilly*, and the *Rose*!
What Month then *May*, was fitter to disclose
This Prince of flowers? Soone shoot thou up, and grow
The fame that thou art promis'd, but be slow,
And long in changing. Let our Nephewes see
Thee, quickly the gardens eye to bee,
And there to stand so. Hast, now envious Moone,
And interpose thy selfe, ('care not how soone.)
And threat' the great Eclipse. Two houres but runne,
Sol will re-shine. If not, Charles hath a Sonne.

——Non displicuisse meretur
Festinat Cæsar qui placuisse tibi.

An Epigram to the Queene, then lying in *.

HAILE *Mary*, full of grace, it once was said,
And by an Angell, to the blessed'st Maid
The Mother of our Lord: why may not I
(Without prophanenesse) yet, a Poët, cry
Haile *Mary*, full of honours, to my Queene,
The Mother of our Prince? When was there seene
(Except the joy that the first *Mary* brought,
Whereby the safetie of Man-kind was wrought.)
So generall a gladnesse to an Isle!
To make the hearts of a whole Nation smile,
As in this Prince? Let it be lawfull, so
To compare small with great, as still we owe
Glorie to God. Then, Haile to *Mary*! spring
Of so much safetie to the Realme, and King.

* 1630.

An Ode, or Song,
by all the Muses.
In celebration of her Majesties birth-day*.

1. Clio. *UP publike joy, remember*
This sixteenth of November,
Some brave un-common way:
And though the Parish-steeple
Be silent, to the people
Ring thou it Holy-day.

2. Mel. *What, though the thriftie Tower*
And Gunnes there, spare to poure
Their noises forth in Thunder:
As fearfull to awake
This Citie, or to shake
Their guarded gates asunder?

3. Thal. *Yet, let our Trumpets sound;*
And cleave both ayre and ground,
With beating of our Drum's:
Let every Lyre be strung,
Harpe, Lute, Theorbo sprung.
With touch of daintie thum's!

4. Eut. *That when the Quire is full,*
The Harmony may pull
The Angels from their Spheares:
And each intelligence
May wish it selfe a sense;
Whilst it the Dittie heares.

5. Terp. *Behold the royall* Mary,
The Daughter of great Harry!
And Sister to just Lewis!
Comes in the pompe, and glorie
Of all her Brothers storie,
And of her Fathers prowesse!

* 1630.

6. Erat. *Shee showes so farre above*
The fained Queene of Love,
This sea-girt Isle upon:
As here no Venus *were;*
But, that shee raigning here,
Had got the Ceston *on!*

7. Calli. *See, see our active* King
Hath taken twice the Ring
Upon his pointed Lance:
Whilst all the ravish'd rout
Doe mingle in a shout,
Hay! for the flowre of France*!*

8. Ura. *This day the Court doth measure*
Her joy in state, and pleasure;
And with a reverend feare,
The Revells, and the Play,
Summe up this crowned day,
Her two and twenti'th yeare!

9. Poly. *Sweet! happy* Mary*! All*
The People her doe call!
And this the wombe divine!
So fruitfull, and so faire,
Hath brought the Lande an Heire!
And Charles *a* Caroline.

An Epigram,

To the House-hold.*

WHAT can the cause be, when the *K.* hath given
His *Poët* Sack, the *House-hold* will not pay?
Are they so scanted in their store? or driven
For want of knowing the *Poët*, to say him nay?

* 1630.

Well, they should know him, would the *K.* but grant
His *Poët* leave to sing his *House-hold* true;
Hee'ld frame such ditties of their store, and want,
Would make the very *Greene-cloth* to looke blew:
And rather wish, in their expence of Sack,
So, the allowance from the King to use,
As the old *Bard*, should no Canary lack,
'T were better spare a Butt, then spill his *Muse.*
For in the *Genius* of a *Poëts* Verse
The Kings fame lives. Go now, denie his *Teirce.*

Epigram.

To a Friend, and Sonne.

SONNE, and my Friend, I had not call'd you so
To mee; or beene the same to you; if show,
Profit, or Chance had made us: But I know
What, by that name, wee each to other owe,
Freedome, and Truth; with love from those begot.
Wise-crafts, on which the flatterer ventures not.
His is more safe commoditie, or none:
Nor dares he come in the comparison.
But as the wretched Painter, who so ill
Painted a Dog, that now his subtler skill
Was, t' have a Boy stand with a Club, and fright
All live dogs from the lane, and his shops sight.
Till he had sold his Piece, drawne so unlike:
So doth the flatt'rer with farre cunning strike
At a Friends freedome, proves all circling meanes
To keepe him off; and how-so-e're he gleanes
Some of his formes, he lets him not come neere
Where he would fixe, for the distinctions feare.
For as at distance, few have facultie
To judge; So all men comming neere can spie,

Though now of flattery, as of picture are
More subtle workes, and finer pieces farre,
Then knew the former ages: yet to life,
All is but web, and painting; be the strife
Never so great to get them: and the ends,
Rather to boast rich hangings, then rare friends.

To the immortall memorie, and friendship of that noble paire, Sir Lucius Cary, *and Sir* H. Morison.

The Turne.

BRAVE Infant of *Saguntum*, cleare
Thy comming forth in that great yeare,
When the Prodigious *Hannibal* did crowne
His rage, with razing your immortall Towne.
Thou, looking then about,
E're thou wert halfe got out,
Wise child, did'st hastily returne,
And mad'st thy Mothers wombe thine urne.
How summ'd a circle didst thou leave man-kind
Of deepest lore, could we the Center find!

The Counter-turne.

Did wiser Nature draw thee back,
From out the horrour of that sack,
Where shame, faith, honour, and regard of right
Lay trampled on; the deeds of death, and night,
Urg'd, hurried forth, and horld
Upon th' affrighted world:
Sword, fire, and famine, with fell fury met;
And all on utmost ruine set;
As, could they but lifes miseries fore-see,
No doubt all Infants would returne like thee?

The Stand.

For, what is life, if measur'd by the space,
Not by the act?
Or masked man, if valu'd by his face,
Above his fact?
Here 's one out-liv'd his Peeres,
And told forth fourescore yeares;
He vexed rime, and busied the whole State;
Troubled both foes, and friends;
But ever to no ends:
What did this Stirrer, but die late?
How well at twentie had he falne, or stood!
For three of his foure-score, he did no good.

The Turne.

Hee entred well, by vertuous parts,
Got up and thriv'd with honest arts:
He purchas'd friends, and fame, and honours then,
And had his noble name advanc'd with men:
But weary of that flight,
Hee stoop'd in all mens sight
To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
And sunke in that dead sea of life
So deep, as he did then death's waters sup;
But that the Corke of Title boy'd him up.

The Counter-turne.

Alas, but *Morison* fell young:
Hee never fell, thou fall'st my tongue.
Hee stood, a Souldier to the last right end,
A perfect Patriot, and a noble friend,
But most a vertuous Sonne.
All Offices were done

By him, so ample, full, and round,
In weight, in measure, number, sound,
As though his age imperfect might appeare,
His life was of Humanitie the Spheare.

The Stand.

Goe now, and tell out dayes summ'd up with feares,
And make them yeares;
Produce thy masse of miseries on the Stage,
To swell thine age;
Repeat of things a throng,
To shew thou hast beene long,
Not liv'd; for life doth her great actions spell,
By what was done and wrought
In season, and so brought
To light: her measures are, how well
Each syllab'e answer'd, and was form'd, how faire;
These make the lines of life, and that 's her ayre.

The Turne.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulke, doth make man better bee;
Or standing long an Oake, three hundred yeare,
To fall a logge, at last, dry, bold, and seare:
A Lillie of a Day,
Is fairer farre, in May,
Although it fall, and die that night;
It was the Plant, and flowre of light.
In small proportions, we just beauties see:
And in short measures, life may perfect bee.

The Counter-turne.

Call, noble *Lucius*, then for Wine,
And let thy lookes with gladnesse shine:

Accept this garland, plant it on thy head,
And thinke, nay know, thy *Morison 's* not dead.
Hee leap'd the present age,
Possest with holy rage,
To see that bright eternall Day:
Of which we *Priests*, and *Poëts* say
Such truths, as we expect for happy men,
And there he lives with memorie; and *Ben.*

The Stand.

Johnson, who sung this of him, e're he went
Himselfe to rest,
Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
To have exprest,
In this bright *Asterisme*:
Where it were friendships schisme,
(Were not his *Lucius* Long with us to tarry)
To separate these twi-
Lights, the *Dioscuri*;
And keepe the one halfe from his *Harry.*
But fate doth so alternate the designe,
Whilst that in heav'n, this light on earth must shine.

The Turne.

And shine as you exalted are;
Two names of friendship, but one Starre:
Of hearts the union. And those not by chance
Made, or indenture, or leas'd out t' advance
The profits for a time.
No pleasures vaine did chime,
Of rimes, or ryots, at your feasts,
Orgies of drinke, or fain'd protests:
But simple love of greatnesse, and of good;
That knits brave minds, and manners, more then blood.

The Counter-turne.

This made you first to know the Why
You lik'd, then after, to apply
That liking; and approach so one the tother,
Till either grew a portion of the other:
Each stiled by his end,
The Copie of his friend.
You liv'd to be the great surnames,
And titles, by which all made claimes
Unto the Vertue. Nothing perfect done,
But as a Cary, or a Morison.

The Stand.

And such a force the faire example had,
As they that saw
The good, and durst not practise it, were glad
That such a Law
Was left yet to Man-kind;
Where they might read, and find
Friendship, indeed, was written, not in words:
And with the heart, not pen,
Of two so early men,
Whose lines her rowles were, and records.
Who, e're the first downe bloomed on the chin,
Had sow'd these fruits, and got the harvest in.

To the Right Honourable, the Lord high Treasurer of England.

An Epistle Mendicant.*

My Lord;
POORE wretched states, prest by extremities,
Are faine to seeke for succours, and supplies
Of *Princes* aides, or *good mens* Charities.

* 1631.

Disease, the Enemie, and his Ingineeres
Want, with the rest of his conceal'd compeeres,
Have cast a trench about mee, now five yeares.

And made those strong approaches, by *False braies*,
Reduicts, *Halfe-moones*, *Horne-workes*, and such close
wayes,
The *Muse* not peepes out, one of hundred dayes.

But lyes block'd up, and straightned, narrow'd in,
Fix'd to the bed, and boords, unlike to win
Health, or scarce breath, as she had never bin.

Unlesse some saving-*Honour* of the *Crowne*,
Dare thinke it, to relieve, no lesse renowne,
A *Bed-rid* Wit, then a *besieged* Towne.

To the King.

On his Birth-day*.

An Epigram Anniversarie.

THIS is King Charles his Day. Speake it thou *Towre*
Unto the *Ships*, and they from *tier*, to *tier*,
Discharge it 'bout the *Iland*, in an houre,
As lowd as Thunder, and as swift as fire.
Let *Ireland* meet it out at Sea, halfe way,
Repeating all Great *Brittain's* joy, and more,
Adding her owne glad accents, to this *Day*,
Like *Eccho* playing from the other shore.
What *Drum's* or *Trumpets*, or great *Ord'nance* can,
The *Poëtrie* of *Steeples*, with the *Bells*,
Three Kingdomes Mirth, in light, and aërie man,
Made lighter with the Wine. All noises else,

* Novemb. 19, 1632.

At *Bonefires*, *Rockets*, *Fire-workes*, with the *Shoutes*
That cry that gladnesse, which their hearts would pray,
Had they but grace, of thinking, at these routes,
On th' often comming of this *Holy-day*:
And ever close the burden of the Song,
Still to have such a Charles, but this Charles long.

The wish is great; but where the Prince is such,
What prayers (*People*) can you thinke too much!

On the Right Honourable, and vertuous Lord Weston, *L. high Treasurer of* England, *Upon the Day, Hee was made Earle of* Portland*.

To the Envious.

LOOKE up thou seed of envie, and still bring
Thy faint, and narrow eyes, to reade the *King*
In his great Actions: view whom his large hand,
Hath rais'd to be the *Port* unto his *Land*!
Weston! That waking man! that Eye of State!
Who seldome sleepes! whom bad men only hate!
Why doe I irritate, or stirre up thee,
Thou sluggish spawne, that canst, but wilt not see!
Feed on thy selfe for spight, and shew thy *Kind*:
To vertue, and true worth, be ever blind.
Dreame thou could'st hurt it, but before thou wake,
T' effect it; Feele, thou 'ast made thine owne heart ake.

* 17 Febr. 1632.

To the Right hon^ble *Hierome*, L. *Weston*.
An Ode gratulatorie.
For his Returne from
his Embassie*.

SUCH pleasure as the teeming Earth,
Doth take in easie Natures *birth,*
When shee puts forth the life of ev'ry thing:
And in a dew of sweetest Raine,
Shee lies deliver'd without paine,
Of the prime beauties of the yeare, the Spring.
The Rivers in their shores doe run;
The Clowdes rack cleare before the Sun,
The rudest Winds obey the calmest Ayre:
Rare Plants from ev'ry banke doe rise,
And ev'ry Plant the sense surprize,
Because the order of the whole *is faire!*
The very verdure of her nest,
Wherein she sits so richly drest,
As all the wealth of Season, *there was spread;*
Doth show, the Graces, *and the* Houres
Have multipli'd their arts, and powers,
In making soft her aromatique bed.
Such joyes, such sweet's doth your Returne
Bring all your friends, (faire Lord) that burne
With love, to heare your modestie relate,
The bus'nesse of your blooming wit,
With all the fruit shall follow it,
Both to the honour of the King *and* State.
O how will then our Court be pleas'd,
To see great Charles *of Travaile eas'd,*
When he beholds a graft of his owne hand,
Shoot up an Olive *fruitfull, faire,*
To be a shadow to his Heire,
And both a strength, and Beautie to his Land!

* 1632.

EPITHALAMION;
OR,
A SONG:
CELEBRATING THE
NUPTIALS OF THAT NOBLE

Gentleman, M^r. Hierome Weston, Son,
and Heire, of the Lord Weston, Lord high
Treasurer of *England*, with the Lady
Frances Stuart,
Daughter of Esme D. of *Lenox* deceased,
and Sister of the Surviving Duke
of the same name.

EPITHALAMION.

THOUGH thou hast past thy Summer standing, stay
A-while with us bright Sun, and helpe our light;
Thou can'st not meet more Glory, on the way,
Betweene thy Tropicks, to arrest thy sight,
Then thou shalt see to day:
We wooe thee, stay
And see, what can be seene,
The bountie of a King, and beautie of his Queene!

See, the Procession! what a Holy day
(Bearing the promise of some better fate)
Hath filed, with *Cacoches*, all the way,
From *Greenwich*, hither, to *Row-hampton* gate!
When look'd the yeare, at best,
So like a feast?
Or were Affaires in tune,
By all the Spheares consent, so in the heart of June?

What Beautie of beauties, and bright youth's at charge
Of Summers Liveries, and gladding greene;
Doe boast their Loves, and Brav'ries so at large,
As they came all to see, and to be seene!
When look'd the Earth so fine,
Or so did shine,
In all her bloome, and flower;
To welcome home a Paire, and deck the nuptiall bower?

It is the kindly Season of the time,
The Month of youth, which calls all Creatures forth
To doe their Offices in Natures Chime,
And celebrate (perfection at the worth)
Mariage, the end of life,
That holy strife,
And the allowed warre:
Through which not only we, but all our *Species* are.

Harke how the Bells upon the waters play
Their Sister-tunes, from *Thames* his either side,
As they had learn'd new changes, for the day,
And all did ring th' approches of the Bride;
The Lady *Frances*, drest
Above the rest
Of all the Maidens faire;
In gracefull Ornament of Garland, Gemmes, and Haire.

See, how she paceth forth in Virgin-white,
Like what she is, the Daughter of a Duke,
And Sister: darting forth a dazling light
On all that come her Simplésse to rebuke!
Her tresses trim her back,
As she did lack
Nought of a Maiden Queene,
With Modestie so crown'd, and Adoration seene.

Stay, thou wilt see what rites the Virgins doe!
The choicest Virgin-troup of all the Land!
Porting the Ensignes of united Two,
Both Crownes, and Kingdomes in their either hand;
Whose Majesties appeare
To make more cleare
This Feast, then can the Day
Although that thou, O Sun, at our intreaty stay!

See, how with Roses, and with Lillies shine,
(Lillies and Roses, Flowers of either Sexe)
The bright Brides paths, embelish'd more then thine
With light of love, this Paire doth intertexe!
Stay, see the Virgins sow,
(Where she shall goe)
The Emblemes of their way. [stay!
O, now thou smil'st, faire Sun, and shin'st, as thou wouldst

With what full hands, and in how plenteous showers
Have they bedew'd the Earth, where she doth tread,
As if her ayrie steps did spring the flowers,
And all the Ground, were Garden, where she led!
See, at another doore,
On the same floore,
The Bridegroome meets the Bride
With all the pompe of Youth, and all our Court beside.

Our Court, and all the Grandees; now, Sun, looke,
And looking with thy best Inquirie, tell,
In all thy age of Journals thou hast tooke,
Saw'st thou that Paire, became these Rites so well,
Save the preceding Two?
Who, in all they doe,
Search, Sun, and thou wilt find
They are th' exampled Paire, and mirrour of their kind.

Force from the Phœnix then, no raritie
Of Sex, to rob the Creature; but from Man
The king of Creatures; take his paritie
With Angels, Muse, to speake these: Nothing can
Illustrate these, but they
Themselves to day,
Who the whole Act expresse;
All else we see beside, are Shadowes, and goe lesse.

It is their Grace, and favour, that makes seene,
And wonder'd at the bounties of this day:
All is a story of the King and Queene!
And what of Dignitie, and Honour may
Be duly done to those
Whom they have chose,
And set the marke upon
To give a greater Name, and Title to! Their owne!

Weston, their Treasure, as their Treasurer,
That Mine of Wisdome, and of Counsells deep,
Great Say-Master of State, who cannot erre,
But doth his Carract, and just Standard keepe
In all the prov'd assayes,
And legall wayes
Of Tryals, to worke downe
Mens Loves unto the Lawes, and Lawes to love the Crowne.

And this well mov'd the Judgement of the King
To pay with honours, to his noble Sonne
To day, the Fathers service; who could bring
Him up, to doe the same himselfe had done.
That farre-all-seeing Eye
Could soone espie
What kind of waking Man
He had so highly set; and, in what *Barbican.*

Stand there; for when a noble Nature 's rais'd,
It brings Friends Joy, Foes Griefe, Posteritie Fame;
In him the times, no lesse then Prince, are prais'd,
And by his Rise, in active men, his Name
Doth Emulation stirre;
To th' dull, a Spur
It is: to th' envious meant,
A meere upbraiding Griefe, and tort'ring punishment.

See, now the Chappell opens; where the King
And Bishop stay, to consummate the Rites:
The holy Prelate prayes, then takes the Ring,
Askes first, Who gives her (I *Charles*) then he plights
One in the others hand,
Whilst they both stand
Hearing their charge, and then
The Solemne Quire cryes, Joy; and they returne, Amen.

O happy bands! and thou more happy place,
Which to this use, wer 't built and consecrate!
To have thy God to blesse, thy King to grace,
And this their chosen Bishop celebrate;
And knit the Nuptiall knot,
Which Time shall not,
Or canker'd Jealousie,
With all corroding Arts, be able to untie!

The Chappell empties, and thou may'st be gone
Now, Sun, and post away the rest of day:
These two, now holy Church hath made them one,
Doe long to make themselves, so, another way:
There is a Feast behind,
To them of kind,
Which their glad Parents taught
One to the other, long e're these to light were brought.

Haste, haste, officious Sun, and send them Night
Some houres before it should, that these may know
All that their Fathers, and their Mothers might
Of Nuptiall Sweets, at such a season, owe,
To propagate their Names,
And keepe their Fames
Alive, which else would die,
For Fame keepes Vertue up, and it Posteritie.

Th' Ignoble never liv'd, they were a-while
Like Swine, or other Cattell here on earth:
Their names are not recorded on the File
Of Life, that fall so; Christians know their birth.
Alone, and such a race,
We pray may grace,
Your fruitfull spreading Vine,
But dare not aske our wish in Language *fescennine.*

Yet, as we may, we will, with chast desires,
(The holy perfumes of the Mariage bed.)
Be kept alive, those Sweet, and Sacred fires
Of Love betweene you, and your Lovely-head;
That when you both are old,
You find no cold
There; but, renewed, say,
(After the last child borne;) This is our wedding day.

Till you behold a race to fill your Hall,
A *Richard*, and a *Hierome*, by their names
Upon a *Thomas*, or a *Francis* call;
A *Kate*, a *Frank*, to honour their Grand-dames,
And 'tweene their Grandsires thighes,
Like pretty Spies,
Peepe forth a Gemme; to see
How each one playes his part, of the large Pedigree.

And never may there want one of the Stem,
To be a watchfull Servant for this State;
But like an Arme of Eminence 'mongst them,
Extend a reaching vertue, early and late:
Whilst the maine tree still found
Upright and sound,
By this Sun's Noone sted 's made
So great; his Body now alone projects the shade.

They both are slip'd to Bed; Shut fast the Doore,
And let him freely gather Loves First-fruits,
Hee 's Master of the Office; yet no more
Exacts then she is pleas'd to pay: no suits
Strifes, murmures, or delay,
Will last till day;
Night, and the sheetes will show,
The longing Couple, all that elder Lovers know.

The humble Petition of poore Ben. *To th' best of Monarchs, Masters, Men, King CHARLES.*

——Doth most humbly show it,
To your Majestie your Poët:

THAT whereas your royall *Father*
JAMES *the blessed*, pleas'd the rather,
Of his speciall grace to *Letters*,
To make all the MUSES debters
To his bountie; by extension
Of a free Poëtique Pension,
A large hundred Markes annuitie,
To be given me in gratuitie
For done service, and to come:
And that this so accepted summe,
Or dispenc'd in bookes, or bread,
(For with both the MUSE was fed)

Hath drawne on me, from the times,
All the envie of the *Rymes*,
And the ratling pit-pat-noyse,
Of the lesse-*Poëtique* boyes;
When their pot-guns ayme to hit,
With their pellets of small wit,
Parts of me (they judg'd) decay'd,
But we last out, still unlay'd.
Please your Majestie to make
Of your grace, for goodnesse sake,
Those your *Fathers Markes*, your *Pounds*;
Let their spite (which now abounds)
Then goe on, and doe its worst;
This would all their envie burst:
And so warme the *Poëts* tongue
You 'ld reade a Snake, in his next Song.

To the right Honourable, the Lord Treasurer of England.

An Epigram.

IF to my mind, great Lord, I had a state,
I would present you now with curious plate
Of *Noremberg* or *Turkie*; hang your roomes
Not with the Arras, but the *Persian* Loomes.
I would, if price, or prayer could them get,
Send in, what or *Romano*, *Tintaret*,
Titian, or *Raphael*, *Michael Angelo*
Have left in fame to equall, or out-goe
The old Greek-hands in picture, or in stone.
This I would doe, could I know *Weston*, one
Catch'd with these Arts, wherein the Judge is wise
As farre as sense, and onely by the eyes.
But you, I know, my Lord; and know you can
Discerne betweene a Statue, and a Man;

Can doe the things that Statues doe deserve,
And act the businesse, which they paint, or carve.
What you have studied are the arts of life;
To compose men, and manners; stint the strife
Of murmuring Subjects; make the Nations know
What worlds of blessings to good Kings they owe;
And mightiest Monarchs feele what large increase
Of sweets, and safeties they possesse by Peace.
These I looke up at, with a reverent eye,
And strike Religion in the standers-by;
Which, though I cannot as an Architect
In glorious Piles, or Pyramids erect
Unto your honour: I can tune in song
Aloud; and (happ'ly) it may last as long.

An Epigram

To my MUSE, the Lady Digby, *on her Husband, Sir* Kenelme Digby.

THO', happy *Muse*, thou know my *Digby* well,
Yet read him in these lines: He doth excell
In honour, courtesie, and all the parts
Court can call hers, or Man could call his Arts.
Hee 's prudent, valiant, just, and temperate;
In him all vertue is beheld in State:
And he is built like some imperiall roome
For that to dwell in, and be still at home.
His brest is a brave Palace, a broad Street
Where all heroique ample thoughts doe meet:
Where Nature such a large survey hath ta'en,
As other soules to his dwelt in a Lane:
Witnesse his Action done at *Scanderone*;
Upon my Birth-day the eleventh of *June*;
When the Apostle *Barnabee* the bright
Unto our yeare doth give the longest light,

In signe the Subject, and the Song will live
Which I have vow'd posteritie to give.
Goe, *Muse*, in, and salute him. Say he be
Busie, or frowne at first; when he sees thee,
He will cleare up his forehead: thinke thou bring'st
Good *Omen* to him, in the note thou sing'st,
For he doth love my Verses, and will looke
Upon them, (next to *Spenser's* noble booke.)
And praise them too. O! what a fame 't will be?
What reputation to my lines, and me,
When hee shall read them at the Treasurers bord?
The knowing *Weston*, and that learned Lord
Allowes them? Then, what copies shall be had,
What transcripts begg'd? how cry'd up, and how glad,
Wilt thou be, *Muse*, when this shall them befall?
Being sent to one, they will be read of all.

NEW *yeares, expect* new *gifts: Sister, your Harpe,*
Lute, Lyre, Theorbo, all are call'd to day.
Your change of Notes, the flat, *the* meane, *the* sharpe,
To shew the rites, and t' usher forth the way
Of the New Yeare, *in a new silken warpe.*
To fit the softnesse of our Yeares gift: *When*
We sing the best of Monarchs, Masters, Men;
For, had we here said lesse, we had sung nothing then.

A New-yeares-Gift sung to King Charles, 1635.

Rector *TO day old* Janus *opens the new yeare,* [*Swaines,*
Chori. *And shuts the old. Haste, haste, all loyall*
That know the times, and seasons when t' appeare,
And offer your just service on these plaines;
Best Kings expect first-fruits of your glad gaines.

1. *PAN is the great Preserver of our bounds.*
2. *To him we owe all profits of our grounds.*
3. *Our milke.* 4. *Our fells.* 5. *Our fleeces.* 6. *and first Lambs.* *[Rammes.*
7. *Our teeming Ewes,* 8. *and lustie-mounting*
9. *See where he walkes with MIRA by his side.*

Chor. *Sound, sound his praises loud, and with his, hers divide.*

Of PAN wee sing, the best of Hunters, PAN,
That drives the Hart to seeke unused wayes,
Shep. *And in the chase, more then SYLVANUS can,*
Chor. *Heare, ô you Groves, and, Hills, resound his praise.*

Of brightest MIRA, doe we raise our Song,
Sister of PAN, and glory of the Spring:
Nym. *Who walkes on Earth as* May *still went along,*
Chor. *Rivers, and Vallies,* Eccho *what wee sing.*

Of PAN wee sing, the Chiefe of Leaders, PAN,
That leades our flocks and us, and calls both forth
Shep. *To better Pastures then great PALES can:*
Chor. *Heare, O you Groves, and, Hills, resound his worth.*

Of brightest MIRA, is our Song; the grace
Nymp. *Of all that Nature, yet, to life did bring;*
Chor. *And were shee lost, could best supply her place,*
Rivers, and Valleys Eccho *what wee sing.*

1. *Where ere they tread th' enamour'd ground,*
The Fairest flowers are alwayes found;
2. *As if the beauties of the yeare,*
Still waited on 'hem where they were.
1. *Hee is the Father of our Peace;*
2. *Shee, to the Crowne, hath brought encrease.*
1. *Wee know no other power then his,*
PAN only our great Shep'ard is,

Chorus. *Our great, our good. Where one 's so drest*
In truth of colours, both are best.

Haste, haste you hither, all you gentler Swaines,
That have a Flock, or Herd, upon these plaines;
This is the great Preserver of our bounds,
To whom you owe all duties of your grounds;
Your Milkes, your Fells, your Fleeces, and first
Lambes,
Your teeming Ewes, aswell as mounting Rammes.
Whose praises let 's report unto the Woods,
That they may take it eccho'd by the Floods.
'T is hee, 't is hee, in singing hee,
And hunting, PAN, exceedeth thee.
Hee gives all plentie, and encrease,
Hee is the author of our peace.

Where e're he goes upon the ground,
The better grasse, and flowers are found.
To sweeter Pastures lead hee can,
Then ever PALES could, or PAN;
Hee drives diseases from our Folds,
The theefe from spoyle, his presence holds.
PAN knowes no other power then his,
This only the great Shep'ard is.
'T is hee, 't is hee, &c.

Faire Friend, 't is true, your beauties move
My heart to a respect:
Too little to bee paid with love,
Too great for your neglect.

I neither love, nor yet am free,
For though the flame I find
Be not intense in the degree,
'T is of the purest kind.

It little wants of love, but paine,
Your beautie takes my sense,
And lest you should that price disdaine,
My thoughts, too, feele the influence.

'T is not a passions first accesse
Readie to multiply,
But like Loves calmest State it is
Possest with victorie.

It is like Love to Truth reduc'd
All the false value 's gone,
Which were created, and induc'd
By fond imagination.

'T is either Fancie, or 't is Fate,
To love you more then I;
I love you at your beauties rate,
Lesse were an Injurie.

Like unstamp'd Gold, I weigh each grace,
So that you may collect,
Th' intrinsique value of your face,
Safely from my respect.

And this respect would merit love,
Were not so faire a sight
Payment enough; for, who dare move
Reward for his delight.

On the Kings Birth-day.

ROWSE up thy selfe, my gentle Muse,
Though now our greene conceits be gray,
And yet once more doe not refuse
To take thy Phrygian Harp, and play
In honour of this cheerefull Day:
Long may they both contend to prove,
That best of Crownes is such a love.

Make first a Song of Joy, and Love,
Which chastly flames in royall eyes,
Then tune it to the Spheares above,
When the benignest Stars doe rise,
And sweet Conjunctions grace the skies.
Long may, &c.

To this let all good hearts resound,
Whilst Diadems invest his head;
Long may he live, whose life doth bound
More then his Lawes, and better led
By high Example, then by dread.
Long may, &c.

Long may he round about him see
His Roses, and his Lillies blowne:
Long may his only Deare, and Hee
Joy in Idæas of their owne,
And Kingdomes hopes so timely sowne.
Long may they both contend to prove,
That best of Crownes is such a love.

To my L. the King, On the Christning His second Sonne JAMES.

THAT thou art lov'd of God, this worke is done,
Great King, thy having of a second Sonne:
And by thy blessing, may thy *People* see
How much they are belov'd of God, in thee;
Would they would understand it! Princes are
Great aides to Empire, as they are great care
To pious Parents, who would have their blood
Should take first Seisin of the publique good,
As hath thy JAMES; cleans'd from originall drosse,
This day, by Baptisme, and his Saviours crosse:
Grow up, sweet Babe, as blessed, in thy Name,
As in renewing thy good Grandsires fame;
Me thought, *Great Brittaine* in her Sea, before,
Sate safe enough, but now secured more.
At land she triumphs in the triple shade,
Her Rose, and Lilly, intertwind, have made.

Oceano secura meo, securior umbris.

An Elegie
On the Lady Anne Pawlet,
Marchion: of Winton.

WHAT gentle Ghost, besprent with *April* deaw,
  Hayles me, so solemnly, to yonder Yewgh?
And beckning wooes me, from the fatall tree
  To pluck a Garland, for her selfe, or mee?
I doe obey you, Beautie! for in death,
  You seeme a faire one! O that you had breath,
To give your shade a name! Stay, stay, I feele
  A horrour in mee! all my blood is steele!
Stiffe! starke! my joynts 'gainst one another knock!
  Whose Daughter? ha? Great *Savage* of the Rock?
Hee 's good, as great. I am almost a stone!
  And e're I can aske more of her shee 's gone!
Alas, I am all Marble! write the rest
  Thou wouldst have written, Fame, upon my brest:
It is a large faire table, and a true,
  And the disposure will be something new,
When I, who would the Poët have become,
  At least may beare th' inscription to her Tombe.
Shee was the Lady *Jane*, and *Marchionisse*
  Of *Winchester*; the Heralds can tell this.
Earle *Rivers* Grand-Child—serve not formes, good Fame,
  Sound thou her Vertues, give her soule a Name.
Had I a thousand Mouthes, as many Tongues,
  A voyce to raise them from my brazen Lungs,
I durst not aime at that: The dotes were such
  Thereof, no notion can expresse how much
Their Carract was! I, or my trump must breake,
  But rather I, should I of that part speake!

It is too neere of kin to Heaven, the Soule,
To be describ'd! Fames fingers are too foule
To touch these Mysteries! We may admire
The blaze, and splendor, but not handle fire!
What she did here, by great example, well,
T' inlive posteritie, her Fame may tell!
And, calling truth to witnesse, make that good
From the inherent Graces in her blood!
Else, who doth praise a person by a new,
But a fain'd way, doth rob it of the true.
Her Sweetnesse, Softnesse, her faire Courtesie,
Her wary guardes, her wise simplicitie,
Were like a ring of Vertues, 'bout her set,
And pietie the Center, where all met.
A reverend State she had, an awfull Eye,
A dazling, yet inviting, Majestie:
What Nature, Fortune, Institution, Fact
Could summe to a perfection, was her Act!
How did she leave the world? with what contempt?
Just as she in it liv'd! and so exempt
From all affection! when they urg'd the Cure
Of her disease, how did her soule assure
Her suffrings, as the body had beene away!
And to the Torturers (her Doctors) say,
Stick on your Cupping-glasses, feare not, put
Your hottest Causticks to, burne, lance, or cut:
'T is but a body which you can torment,
And I, into the world, all Soule, was sent!
Then comforted her Lord! and blest her Sonne!
Chear'd her faire Sisters in her race to runne!
With gladnesse temper'd her sad Parents teares!
Made her friends joyes, to get above their feares!
And, in her last act, taught the Standers-by,
With admiration, and applause to die!
Let Angels sing her glories, who did call
Her spirit home, to her originall!

Who saw the way was made it! and were sent
To carry, and conduct the Complement
'Twixt death and life! Where her mortalitie
Became her Birth-day to Eternitie!
And now, through circumfused light, she lookes
On Natures secrets, there, as her owne bookes:
Speakes Heavens Language! and discovereth free
To every *Order*, ev'ry *Hierarchie*!
Beholds her Maker! and, in him, doth see
What the beginnings of all beauties be;
And all beatitudes, that thence doe flow:
Which they that have the Crowne are sure to know!
Goe now, her happy Parents, and be sad
If you not understand, what Child you had.
If you dare grudge at Heaven, and repent
T' have paid againe a blessing was but lent,
And trusted so, as it deposited lay
At pleasure, to be call'd for, every day!
If you can envie your owne Daughters blisse,
And wish her state lesse happie then it is!
If you can cast about your either eye,
And see all dead here, or about to dye!
The Starres, that are the Jewels of the Night,
And Day, deceasing! with the Prince of light,
The Sunne! great Kings! and mightiest Kingdomes fall!
Whole Nations! nay Mankind! the World, with all
That ever had beginning there, to 'ave end!
With what injustice should one soule pretend
T' escape this common knowne necessitie,
When we were all borne, we began to die;
And, but for that Contention, and brave strife
The Christian hath t' enjoy the future life,
Hee were the wretched'st of the race of men:
But as he soares at that, he bruiseth then
The Serpents head: Gets above Death, and Sinne,
And, sure of Heaven, rides triumphing in.

EUPHEME;

OR,

THE FAIRE FAME.

LEFT TO POSTERITIE

Of that truly-noble Lady, the Lady VENETIA DIGBY, late Wife of Sir KENELME DIGBY, Knight: A Gentleman absolute in all Numbers;

Consisting of these Ten Pieces.

The Dedication of her CRADLE.
The Song of her DESCENT.
The Picture of her BODY.
Her MIND.
Her being chosen a MUSE.
Her faire OFFICES.
Her happie MATCH.
Her hopefull ISSUE.
Her ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, *or Relation to the Saints.*
Her Inscription, or CROWNE.

Vivam amare voluptas, defunctam Religio.
Stat.

I.

The Dedication of her CRADLE.

FAIRE FAME, who art ordain'd to crowne
With ever-greene, and great renowne,
Their Heads, that ENVY would hold downe
With her, in shade

Of Death, and Darknesse; and deprive
Their names of being kept alive,
By THEE, and CONSCIENCE, both who thrive
By the just trade

Of Goodnesse still: Vouchsafe to take
This CRADLE, and for Goodnesse sake,
A dedicated Ensigne make
Thereof, to TIME.

That all Posteritie, as wee,
Who read what the CREPUNDIA bee,
May something by that twilight see
'Bove rattling Rime.

For, though that Rattles, Timbrels, Toyes,
Take little Infants with their noyse,
As prop'rest gifts, to Girles, and Boyes
Of light expence;

Their Corrals, Whistles, and prime Coates,
Their painted Maskes, their paper Boates,
With Sayles of silke, as the first notes
Surprize their sense:

Yet, here are no such Trifles brought,
No cobweb Call's; no Surcoates wrought
With Gold, or Claspes, which might be bought
On every Stall.

But, here 's a Song of her DESCENT;
And Call to the high Parliament
Of Heaven; where SERAPHIM take tent
Of ord'ring all.

This, utter'd by an antient BARD,
Who claimes (of reverence) to be heard,
As comming with his Harpe, prepar'd
To chant her 'gree,

Is sung: as als' her getting up
By JACOBS Ladder, to the top
Of that eternal Port kept ope'
For such as SHEE.

2.

The Song of her DESCENT.

I sing the just, and uncontrol'd Descent
Of Dame VENETIA DIGBY, styl'd The Faire:
For Mind, and Body, the most excellent
That ever Nature, or the later Ayre
Gave two such Houses as NORTHUMBERLAND,
And STANLEY, to the which shee was Co-heire.
Speake it, you bold PENATES, you that stand
At either Stemme, and know the veines of good
Run from your rootes; Tell, testifie the grand
Meeting of Graces, that so swell'd the flood
Of vertues in her, as, in short, shee grew
The wonder of her Sexe, and of your Blood.
And tell thou, ALDE-LEGH, None can tell more true
Thy Neeces line, then thou that gav'st thy Name
Into the Kindred, whence thy Adam *drew*
Meschines *honour with the* Cestrian *fame*
Of the first Lupus, *to the Familie*
By Ranulph————

The rest of this Song is lost.

3.

The Picture of the Body.

SITTING, and ready to be drawne,
What makes these Velvets, Silkes, and Lawne;
Embroderies, Feathers, Fringes, Lace,
Where every lim takes like a face?

Send these suspected helpes, to aide
Some Forme defective, or decay'd;
This beautie without falshood fayre,
Needs nought to cloath it but the ayre.

Yet something, to the Painters view,
Were fitly interpos'd; so new:
Hee shall, if he can understand,
Worke with my fancie, his owne hand.

Draw first a Cloud: all save her neck;
And, out of that, make Day to breake;
Till, like her face, it doe appeare,
And Men may thinke, all light rose there.

Then let the beames of that, disperse
The Cloud, and show the Universe;
But at such distance, as the eye
May rather yet adore, then spy.

The Heaven design'd, draw next a Spring,
With all that Youth, or it can bring:
Foure Rivers branching forth like Seas,
And Paradise confining these.

Last, draw the circles of this Globe,
And let there be a starry Robe
Of Constellations 'bout her horld;
And thou hast painted beauties world.

But, Painter, see thou doe not sell
A Copie of this peece; nor tell
Whose 'tis: but if it favour find,
Next sitting we will draw her mind.

4.

The MIND.

PAINTER yo' are come, but may be gone,
Now I have better thought thereon,
This worke I can performe alone;
And give you reasons more then one.

Not, that your Art I doe refuse:
But here I may no colours use.
Beside, your hand will never hit,
To draw a thing that cannot sit.

You could make shift to paint an Eye,
An Eagle towring in the skye,
The Sunne, a Sea, or soundlesse Pit;
But these are like a Mind, not it.

No, to expresse a Mind to sense,
Would aske a Heavens Intelligence;
Since nothing can report that flame,
But what 's of kinne to whence it came.

Sweet Mind, then speake your selfe, and say,
As you goe on, by what brave way
Our sense you doe with knowledge fill,
And yet remaine our wonder still.

I call you *Muse*; now make it true:
Hence-forth may every line be you;
That all may say, that see the frame,
This is no Picture, but the same.

A Mind so pure, so perfect fine,
As 'tis not radiant, but divine:
And so disdaining any tryer;
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

There, high exalted in the Spheare,
As it another Nature were,
It moveth all; and makes a flight
As circular, as infinite.

Whose Notions when it will expresse
In speech; it is with that excesse
Of grace, and Musique to the eare,
As what it spoke, it planted there.

The Voyce so sweet, the words so faire,
As some soft chime had stroak'd the ayre;
And, though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an Eccho in the sense.

But, that a Mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
It selfe to us, and come so nigh
Earths grossnesse; There 's the how, and why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
And stuck in clay here, it would pull
Us forth, by some Celestiall flight
Up to her owne sublimed hight?

Or hath she here, upon the ground,
Some Paradise, or Palace found
In all the bounds of beautie fit
For her t' inhabit? There is it.

Thrice happy house, that hast receipt
For this so loftie forme, so streight,
So polisht, perfect, round, and even,
As it slid moulded off from Heaven.

Not swelling like the Ocean proud,
But stooping gently, as a Cloud,
As smooth as Oyle pour'd forth, and calme
As showers; and sweet as drops of Balme.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a floud
Where it may run to any good;
And where it stayes, it there becomes
A nest of odorous spice, and gummes.

In action, winged as the wind,
In rest, like spirits left behind
Upon a banke, or field of flowers,
Begotten by that wind, and showers.

In thee, faire Mansion, let it rest,
Yet know, with what thou art possest,
Thou entertaining in thy brest,
But such a Mind, mak'st God thy Guest.

A whole quaternion in the middest of this Poem is lost, containing entirely the three next pieces of it, and all of the fourth (which in the order of the whole, is the eighth) excepting the very end: which at the top of the next quaternion goeth on thus:

BUT, for you (growing Gentlemen) the happy branches of two so illustrious Houses as these, where from your honour'd Mother, is in both lines descended; let me leave you this last Legacie of Counsell; which so soone as you arrive at yeares of mature Understanding, open you (Sir) that are the eldest, and read it to your Brethren, for it will concerne you all alike. Vowed by a faithfull Servant, and Client of your Familie, with his latest breath expiring it

B. J.

To Kenelme, John, George.

BOAST not these Titles of your Ancestors;
(Brave Youths) th' are their possessions, none of yours:
When your owne Vertues, equall'd have their Names,
'T will be but faire, to leane upon their *Fames*;
For they are strong Supporters: But, till then,
The greatest are but growing Gentlemen.
It is a wretched thing to trust to reedes;
Which all men doe, that urge not their owne deeds

Up to their Ancestors; the rivers side,
By which yo' are planted, shew's your fruit shall bide:
Hang all your roomes, with one large Pedigree:
'Tis Vertue alone, is true Nobilitie.
Which Vertue from your Father, ripe, will fall;
Study illustrious Him, and you have all.

9.

Elegie on my Muse.

THE truly honoured Lady, the Lady Venetia Digby;
who living, gave me leave to call her so.
Being
Her ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, *or Relation to the Saints.*

Sera quidem tanto struitur medicina dolori.

An Elegie on my Muse.

'TWERE time that I dy'd too, now shee is dead,
Who was my *Muse*, and life of all I sey'd.
The Spirit that I wrote with, and conceiv'd,
All that was good, or great in me she weav'd,
And set it forth; the rest were Cobwebs fine,
Spun out in name of some of the old *Nine*!
To hang a window, or make darke the roome,
Till swept away, th' were cancell'd with a broome!
Nothing, that could remaine, or yet can stirre
A sorrow in me, fit to wait to her!
O! had I seene her laid out a faire Corse,
By *Death*, on Earth, I should have had remorse
On *Nature*, for her: who did let her lie,
And saw that portion of her selfe to die.
Sleepie, or stupid Nature, couldst thou part
With such a *Raritie*, and not rowse *Art*
With all her aydes, to save her from the seize
Of *Vulture death*, and those relentlesse cleies?

Thou wouldst have lost the *Phœnix*, had the kind
Beene trusted to thee: not to 't selfe assign'd.
Looke on thy sloth, and give thy selfe undone,
(For so thou art with me) now shee is gone.
My wounded mind cannot sustaine this stroke,
It rages, runs, flies, stands, and would provoke
The world to ruine with it; in her *Fall*,
I summe up mine owne breaking, and wish all.
Thou hast no more blowes, *Fate*, to drive at one:
What 's left a *Poët*, when his *Muse* is gone?
Sure, I am dead, and know it not! I feele
Nothing I doe; but, like a heavie wheele,
Am turned with an others powers. My Passion
Whoorles me about, and to blaspheme in fashion!
I murmure against *God*, for having ta'en
Her blessed Soule, hence, forth this valley vane
Of teares, and dungeon of calamitie!
I envie it the Angels amitie!
The joy of Saints! the *Crowne* for which it lives,
The glorie, and gaine of rest, which the place gives!
Dare I prophane, so irreligious bee
To 'greet, or grieve her soft Euthanasee!
So sweetly taken to the Court of blisse,
As spirits had stolne her *Spirit*, in a kisse,
From off her pillow, and deluded bed;
And left her lovely body unthought dead!
Indeed, she is not dead! but laid to sleepe
In earth, till the last *Trumpe* awake the *Sheepe*
And *Goates* together, whither they must come
To heare their Judge, and his eternall doome.
To have that finall retribution,
Expected with the fleshes restitution.
For, as there are three *Natures*, *Schoolemen* call
One *corporall*, only; th' other *spirituall*,
Like single; so, there is a third, commixt,
Of *Body* and *Spirit* together, plac'd betwixt
Those other two; which must be judg'd or crown'd:
This as it guilty is, or guiltlesse found,

Must come to take a sentence, by the sense
Of that great Evidence, the *Conscience*!
Who will be there, against that day prepar'd,
T' accuse, or quit all *Parties* to be heard!
O *Day* of joy, and suretie to the just!
Who in that feast of *Resurrection* trust!
That great eternall *Holy-day* of rest,
To Body, and Soule! where *Love* is all the guest!
And the whole *Banquet* is full sight of *God*!
Of joy the *Circle*, and sole *Period*!
All other gladnesse, with the thought is barr'd;
Hope, hath her end! and *Faith* hath her reward!
This being thus: why should my tongue, or pen
Presume to interpell that fulnesse, when
Nothing can more adorne it, then the feat
That she is in, or, make it more compleat?
Better be dumbe, then superstitious!
Who violates the God-head, is most vitious
Against the Nature he would worship. *Hee*
Will honour'd be in all simplicitie!
Have all his actions, wondred at, and view'd
With silence, and amazement! not with rude,
Dull, and prophane, weake, and imperfect eyes,
Have busie search made in his mysteries!
Hee knowes, what worke h' hath done, to call this *Guest*,
Out of her noble body, to this *Feast*:
And give her place, according to her blood
Amongst her *Peeres*, those Princes of all good!
Saints, *Martyrs*, *Prophets*, with those *Hierarchies*,
Angels, *Arch-angels*, *Principalities*,
The *Dominations*, *Vertues*, and the *Powers*,
The *Thrones*, the *Cherube*, and *Seraphick* bowers,
That, planted round, there sing before the *Lamb*,
A new Song to his praise, and great *I AM*:
And she doth know, out of the shade of Death,
What 't is t' enjoy, an everlasting breath!

To have her captiv'd spirit freed from flesh,
And on her Innocence, a garment fresh
And white, as that, put on: and in her hand
With boughs of Palme, a crowned *Victrice* stand!
And will you, worthy Sonne, Sir, knowing this,
Put black, and mourning on? and say you misse
A *Wife*, a *Friend*, a *Lady*, or a *Love*;
Whom her *Redeemer*, honour'd hath above
Her fellowes, with the oyle of gladnesse, bright
In heav'n *Empire*, and with a robe of light?
Thither, you hope to come; and there to find
That pure, that pretious, and exalted mind
You once enjoy'd: A short space severs yee,
Compar'd unto that long eternitie,
That shall re-joyne yee. Was she, then, so deare,
When shee departed? you will meet her there,
Much more desir'd, and dearer then before,
By all the wealth of blessings, and the store
Accumulated on her, by the *Lord*
Of life, and light, the Sonne of *God*, the *Word*!
There, all the happy soules, that ever were,
Shall meet with gladnesse in one *Theatre*;
And each shall know, there, one anothers face:
By beatifick vertue of the Place.
There shall the Brother, with the Sister walke,
And Sons, and Daughters, with their Parents talke;
But all of *God*; They still shall have to say,
But make him *All in All*, their *Theme*, that *Day*:
That happy *Day*, that never shall see night!
Where *Hee* will be, all Beautie to the *Sight*;
Wine, or delicious fruits, unto the *Taste*;
A Musique in the *Eares*, will ever last;
Unto the *Sent*, a Spicerie, or Balme;
And to the *Touch*, a Flower, like soft as Palme.
Hee will all Glory, all Perfection be,
God, in the *Union*, and the *Trinitie*!

That holy, great, and glorious Mysterie,
Will there revealed be in Majestie!
By light, and comfort of spirituall *Grace*;
The vision of our *Saviour*, face, to face
In his humanitie! To heare him preach
The price of our *Redemption*, and to teach
Through his inherent righteousnesse, in death,
The safetie of our soules, and forfeit breath!
What fulnesse of beatitude is here?
What love with mercy mixed doth appeare?
To style us Friends, who were, by Nature, Foes?
Adopt us Heires, by grace, who were of those
Had lost our selves? and prodigally spent
Our native portions, and possessed rent;
Yet have all debts forgiven us, and advance
B' imputed right to an inheritance
In his eternall Kingdome, where we sit
Equall with Angels, and Co-heires of it.
Nor dare we under blasphemy conceive
He that shall be our supreme Judge, should leave
Himselfe so un-inform'd of his elect
Who knowes the hearts of all, and can dissect
The smallest Fibre of our flesh; he can
Find all our Atomes from a point t' a span!
Our closest Creekes, and Corners, and can trace
Each line, as it were graphick, in the face.
And best he knew her noble Character,
For 't was himselfe who form'd, and gave it her.
And to that forme, lent two such veines of blood
As nature could not more increase the flood
Of title in her! All Nobilitie
(But pride, that schisme of incivilitie)
She had, and it became her! she was fit
T' have knowne no envy, but by suffring it!
She had a mind as calme, as she was faire;
Not tost or troubled with light Lady-aire;

But, kept an even gate, as some streight tree
Mov'd by the wind, so comely moved she.
And by the awfull manage of her Eye
She swaid all bus'nesse in the Familie!
To one she said, Doe this, he did it; So
To another, Move; he went; To a third, Go,
He run; and all did strive with diligence
T' obey, and serve her sweet Commandements.
She was in one, a many parts of life;
A tender *Mother*, a discreeter *Wife*,
A solemne *Mistresse*, and so good a *Friend*,
So charitable, to religious end,
In all her petite actions, so devote,
As her whole life was now become one note
Of Pietie, and private holinesse.
She spent more time in teares her selfe to dresse
For her devotions, and those sad essayes
Of sorrow, then all pompe of gaudy daies:
And came forth ever cheered, with the rod
Of divine Comfort, when sh' had talk'd with *God.*
Her broken sighes did never misse whole sense:
Nor can the bruised heart want eloquence:
For, Prayer is the Incense most perfumes
The holy Altars, when it least presumes.
And hers were all Humilitie! they beat
The doore of *Grace*, and found the *Mercy-Seat.*
In frequent speaking by the pious Psalmes
Her solemne houres she spent, or giving Almes,
Or doing other deeds of Charitie,
To cloath the naked, feed the hungry. Shee
Would sit in an Infirmery, whole dayes
Poring, as on a Map, to find the wayes
To that eternall Rest, where now sh' hath place
By sure Election, and predestin'd grace!
Shee saw her Saviour, by an early light,
Incarnate in the Manger, shining bright

On all the world! Shee saw him on the Crosse
Suffring, and dying to redeeme our losse!
Shee saw him rise, triumphing over Death
To justifie, and quicken us in breath!
Shee saw him too, in glory to ascend
For his designed worke the perfect end
Of raising, judging, and rewarding all
The kind of Man, on whom his doome should fall!
All this by *Faith* she saw, and fram'd a Plea,
In manner of a daily *Apostrophe*,
To him should be her Judge, true *God*, true *Man*,
Jesus, the onely gotten *Christ*! who can
As being Redeemer, and Repairer too
(Of lapsed Nature) best know what to doe,
In that great Act of judgement: which the *Father*
Hath given wholly to the Sonne (the rather
As being the Sonne of *Man*) to shew his *Power*,
His *Wisdome*, and his *Justice*, in that houre,
The last of houres, and shutter up of all;
Where first his *Power* will appeare, by call
Of all are dead to life! His *Wisdome* show
In the discerning of each conscience, so!
And most his *Justice*, in the fitting parts,
And giving dues to all Mankinds deserts!
In this sweet *Extasie*, she was rapt hence.
Who reades, will pardon my Intelligence,
That thus have ventur'd these true straines upon;
To publish her a *Saint*. My *Muse* is gone.

In pietatis memoriam
quam præstas
Venetiæ *tuæ illustrissim:*
Marit: dign: Digbeie
Hanc ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΝ, *tibi, tuisque sacro.*

The Tenth, being her Inscription, or CROWNE, is lost.

BEATUS *ille, qui procul negotiis,*
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fœnore:
Nec excitatur classico miles truci,
Nec horret Iratum mare:
Forumque vitat, & superba Civium
Potentiorum limina.
Ergo aut adultâ vitium propagine
Altas maritat Populos:
Aut in reducta valle mugientium
Prospectat erranteis Greges:
Inutileisque falce ramos amputans,
Fœliciores inserit:
Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris,
Aut tondet infirmis Oveis:
Vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
Autumnus arvis extulit:
Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pyra,
Certantem & uvam Purpuræ,
Quâ muneretur te, Priape, *& te, Pater*
Sylvane, *tutor finium!*
Libet jacere modò sub antiqua Ilice:
Modò in tenaci gramine.
Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ:
Queruntur in Sylvis aves,
Fontesque Lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
Somnos quod invitet leveis.
At cum tonantis annus hibernus Jovis
Imbreis niveisque comparat;
Aut trudit acreis hinc, & hinc multâ cane
Apros in obstanteis plagas:
Aut amite levi rara tendit retia;
Turdis edacibus dolos,

HAPPIE is he, that from all Businesse cleere,
As the old race of Mankind were,
With his owne Oxen tills his Sires left lands,
And is not in the Usurers bands:
Nor Souldier-like started with rough alarmes,
Nor dreads the Seas inraged harmes:
But flees the Barre and Courts, with the proud bords,
And waiting Chambers of great Lords.
The Poplar tall, he then doth marrying twine
With the growne issue of the Vine;
And with his hooke lops off the fruitlesse race,
And sets more happy in the place:
Or in the bending Vale beholds a-farre
The lowing herds there grazing are:
Or the prest honey in pure pots doth keepe
Of Earth, and sheares the tender Sheepe:
Or when that Autumne, through the fields lifts round
His head, with mellow Apples crown'd,
How plucking Peares, his owne hand grafted had,
And purple-matching Grapes, hee 's glad!
With which, *Priapus*, he may thanke thy hands,
And, *Sylvane*, thine that keptst his Lands!
Then now beneath some ancient Oke he may
Now in the rooted Grasse him lay,
Whilst from the higher Bankes doe slide the floods?
The soft birds quarrell in the Woods,
The Fountaines murmure as the streames doe creepe,
And all invite to easie sleepe.
Then when the thundring *Jove*, his Snow and showres
Are gathering by the Wintry houres;
Or hence, or thence, he drives with many a Hound
Wild Bores into his toyles pitch'd round:
Or straines on his small forke his subtill nets
For th' eating Thrush, or Pit-falls sets:

Pavidumque leporem, & advenam laqueo gruem
Jucunda captat præmia:
Quis non malorum, quas amor curas habet
Hæc inter obliviscitur?
Quód si pudica Mulier in partem juvet
Domum, atque dulces liberos,
(Sabina *qualis, aut perusta solibus*
Pernicis uxor Appuli
Sacrum vetustis extruit lignis focum
Lassi sub adventum viri)
Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus
Distenta siccet ubera;
Et horna dulci Vina promens dolio
Dapes inemptas apparet;
Non me Lucrina *juverint Conchylia,*
Magisve Rhombus, aut Scari,
Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
Hiems ad hoc vertat Mare:
Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum:
Non Attagen Ionicus
Jucundior, quam lecta de pinguissimis
Oliva ramis arborum:
Aut herba Lapathi prata amantis, & gravi
Malvæ salubres corpori:
Vel Agna festis cæsa Terminalibus:
Vel Hædus ereptus Lupo.
Has inter epulas, ut juvat pastas Oveis
Videre properanteis domum!
Videre fessos vomerem inversum Boves
Collo trahenteis languido;
Positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,
Circum renidenteis Lareis!
Hæc ubi locutus fœnerator Alphius,
Jam jam futurus rusticus,
Omnem relegit Idibus pecuniam,
Quærit Calendis ponere.

And snares the fearfull Hare, and new-come Crane,
  And 'counts them sweet rewards so ta'en.
Who (amongst these delights) would not forget
  Loves cares so evill, and so great?
But if, to boot with these, a chaste Wife meet
  For houshold aid, and Children sweet;
Such as the *Sabines*, or a Sun-burnt-blowse,
  Some lustie quick *Apulians* spouse,
To deck the hallow'd Harth with old wood fir'd
  Against the Husband comes home tir'd;
That penning the glad flock in hurdles by
  Their swelling udders doth draw dry:
And from the sweet Tub Wine of this yeare takes,
  And unbought viands ready makes:
Not Lucrine Oysters I could then more prize,
  Nor Turbot, nor bright Golden eyes:
If with bright floods, the Winter troubled much,
  Into our Seas send any such:
Th' Ionian God-wit, nor the Ginny hen
  Could not goe downe my belly then
More sweet then Olives, that new gather'd be
  From fattest branches of the Tree:
Or the herb Sorrell, that loves Meadows still,
  Or Mallowes loosing bodyes ill:
Or at the Feast of Bounds, the Lambe then slaine,
  Or Kid forc 't from the Wolfe againe.
Among these Cates how glad the sight doth come
  Of the fed flocks approaching home!
To view the weary Oxen draw, with bare
  And fainting necks, the turned Share!
The wealthy houshold swarme of bondmen met,
  And 'bout the steeming Chimney set!
These thoughts when Usurer *Alphius*, now about
  To turne more farmer, had spoke out
'Gainst th' Ides, his moneys he gets in with paine,
  At th' Calends, puts all out againe.

Ode I.

Lib. quarto.

Ad Venerem.

INTERMISSA Venus *diu,*
Rursus bella moves: parce precor, precor,
Non sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ*: desine, dulcium*
Mater sæva Cupidinum,
Circa lustra decem flectere Mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quò blandæ Juvenum te revocant preces.
Tempestivius in domo
Pauli *purpureis ales oloribus,*
Comissabere Maximi,
Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.
Namque & nobilis, & decens,
Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis.
Et centum puer Artium,
Latè Signa feret militiæ tuæ.
Et quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riserit æmuli,
Albanos *prope te lacus*
Ponet marmoream sub trabe Cyprea,
Illic plurima Naribus
Duces tura, lyræque, & Berycynthiæ
Delectabere tibiæ
Mistis carminibus non sine fistula.
Illic bis pueri die,
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In mortem Salium *ter quatient humum.*
Me nec fœmina, nec puer,
Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero:
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.

Ode the first.

The fourth Booke.

To Venus.

VENUS againe thou mov'st a warre
Long intermitted, pray thee, pray thee spare:
I am not such, as in the Reigne
Of the good *Cynara* I was: Refraine,
Sower Mother of sweet Loves, forbeare
To bend a man now at his fiftieth yeare
Too stubborne for Commands, so slack:
Goe where Youths soft intreaties call thee back.
More timely hie thee to the house,
With thy bright Swans of *Paulus Maximus*:
There jest, and feast, make him thine host,
If a fit livor thou dost seeke to toast;
For he 's both noble, lovely, young,
And for the troubled Clyent fyl's his tongue,
Child of a hundred Arts, and farre
Will he display the Ensignes of thy warre.
And when he smiling finds his Grace
With thee 'bove all his Rivals gifts take place,
He will thee a Marble Statue make
Beneath a Sweet-wood Roofe, neere *Alba Lake*:
There shall thy dainty Nostrill take
In many a Gumme, and for thy soft eares sake
Shall Verse be set to Harpe and Lute,
And *Phrygian* Hau'boy, not without the Flute.
There twice a day in sacred Laies,
The Youths and tender Maids shall sing thy praise:
And in the *Salian* manner meet
Thrice 'bout thy Altar with their Ivory feet.
Me now, nor Wench, nor wanton Boy,
Delights, nor credulous hope of mutuall Joy,
Nor care I now healths to propound;
Or with fresh flowers to girt my Temple round.

Sed cur, heu Ligurine, *cur*
Manat rara meas lachryma per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
Nocturnis te ego Somniis
Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor:
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubileis.

Ode ix. lib. 3. Ad *Lydiam.*

Dialogus *Horatii* & *Lydiæ.*

Hor. *DONEC gratus eram tibi,*
Nec quisquam potior brachia candida
Cervici juvenis dabat;
Persarum vigui rege beatior.
Lyd. *Donec non alia magis*
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia *post* Chloën,
Multi Lydia *nominis*
Romana vigui clarior Ilia.
Hor. *Me nunc* Thressa Cloë *regit,*
Dulceis docta modos, & Citharæ sciens:
Pro qua non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.
Lyd. *Me torret face mutua*
Thurini Calais *filius* Ornithi:
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.
Hor. *Quid si prisca redit* Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?
Lyd. *Qanquam sidere pulchrior*
Ille est, tu levior Cortice, & improbo
Iracundior Adria,
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

But, why, oh why, my *Ligurine*,
Flow my thin teares, downe these pale cheeks of mine?
Or why, my well-grac'd words among,
With an uncomely silence failes my tongue?
Hard-hearted, I dreame every Night
I hold thee fast! but fled hence, with the Light,
Whether in *Mars* his field thou bee,
Or *Tybers* winding streames, I follow thee.

Ode ix. 3 *Booke, to* Lydia.

Dialogue of Horace, *and* Lydia.

Hor. WHILST, *Lydia*, I was lov'd of thee,
And ('bout thy Ivory neck,) no youth did fling,
His armes more acceptable free,
I thought me richer then the Persian King.
Lyd. Whilst *Horace* lov'd no Mistres more,
Nor after *Cloë* did his *Lydia* sound;
In name, I went all names before,
The Roman *Ilia* was not more renown'd.
Hor. 'T is true, I' am *Thracian Chloes*, I
Who sings so sweet, and with such cunning plaies,
As, for her, I' l'd not feare to die,
So Fate would give her life, and longer daies.
Lyd. And, I am mutually on fire
With gentle *Calais Thurine*, *Orniths* Sonne;
For whom I doubly would expire,
So Fates would let the Boy a long thred run.
Hor. But, say old Love returne should make,
And us dis-joyn'd force to her brazen yoke,
That I bright *Cloë* off should shake;
And to left-*Lydia*, now the gate stood ope.
Lyd. Though he be fairer then a Starre;
Thou lighter then the barke of any tree,
And then rough *Adria*, angrier, farre;
Yet would I wish to love, live, die with thee.

Fragmentum Petron. Arbitr.

FOEDA est in coitu, & brevis voluptas,
Et tædet Veneris statim per actæ.
Non ergo ut pecudes libidinosæ,
Cæci protinùs irruamus illuc:
Nam languescit Amor peritque Flamma.
Sed sic, sic, sine fine feriati,
Et tecum jaceamus osculantes:
Hic nullus labor est, ruborque nullus;
Hoc juvit, juvat, & diu juvabit:
Hoc non deficit, incipitque semper.

Epigramma Martialis

Lib. viii. Lxxvii.

LIBER, *amicorum dulcissima cura tuorum,*
Liber *in æterna vivere digne rosâ;*
Si sapis Assyrio *semper tibi crinis amomo*
Splendeat, & cingant florea serta caput:
Candida nigrescant vetulo christalla Falerno,
Et caleat blando mollis amore thorus.
Qui sic, vel medio finitus vixit in ævo.
Longior huic facta, quam data vita fuit.

The same translated.

DOING, a filthy pleasure is, and short;
And done, we straight repent us of the sport:
Let us not then rush blindly on unto it,
Like lustfull beasts, that onely know to doe it:
For lust will languish, and that heat decay,
But thus, thus, keeping endlesse Holy-day,
Let us together closely lie, and kisse,
There is no labour, nor no shame in this;
This hath pleas'd, doth please, and long will please; never
Can this decay, but is beginning ever.

The same translated.

LIBER, of all thy friends, thou sweetest care,
Thou worthy in eternall Flower to fare,
If thou be'st wise, with '*Syrian* Oyle let shine
Thy locks, and rosie garlands crowne thy head;
Darke thy cleare glasse with old *Falerian* Wine;
And heat, with softest love, thy foster bed.
Hee, that but living halfe his dayes, dies such,
Makes his life longer then 't was given him, much.

THE KINGS ENTERTAINMENT AT *WELBECK* IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE,

A house of the Right Honourable, William Earle of *Newcastle*, Vicount *Mansfield*, Baron of *Botle*, and *Bolsover*, &c.

At his going into *Scotland*.

1633.

His Matie being set at Dinner,
A Song was sung:
A Dialogue betweene the *Passions*,
Doubt and *Love*.

Doubt. *WHAT softer sounds are these salute the Eare*
From the large Circle *of the* Hemispheare,
As if the Center *of all sweets met here!*

Love. *It is the breath, and Soule of every thing,*
Put forth by Earth, by Nature, and the Spring,
To speake the Welcome, Welcome *of the* King.

Chorus. Of Affections, Joy. Delight, &c.
The joy of plants. The spirit of flowers,
The smell, and verdure of the bowers,
The waters murmure; with the showers
Distilling on the new-fresh howers:
The whistling winds, and birds, that sing
The Welcome *of our great, good* King.
Welcome, *O* Welcome, *is the generall voyce,*
Wherein all Creatures practize to rejoyce.

The second Straine.

Love. *WHEN was old* Sherewood's *head more quaintly curl'd?*
Or look'd the Earth more greene upon the world?
Or Natures Cradle more inchas'd, and purl'd?
When did the Aire so smile, the Winds so chime?
As Quiristers of Season, *and the* Prime*!*
Dou. *If what they doe, be done in their due time.*

Chorus.

Hee makes the time for whom 't is done,
From whom the warmth, heat, life, begun,
Into whose fostring armes doe run
All that have being from the Sun.
Such is the fount of light, the King,
The heart, that quickens ev'ry thing,
And makes the Creatures language all one voyce;
In Welcome, Welcome, Welcome, *to rejoyce:*
Welcome *is all our Song, is all our sound,*
The Treble *part, the* Tenor, *and the* Ground.

After Dinner.

THE King, and the Lords being come downe, and ready to take horse; In the Crowd were discover'd two notorious persons, and men of businesse, as by their eminent dressing, and habits did soone appeare.

One in a costly Cassock of black Buckram girt unto him, whereon was painted *Party-per pale*:

On the one side.		On the other side.	
Noune. *Pronoune.* *Verbe.* *Participle.*	*declined*	*Adverbe.* *Conjunction.* *Præposition.* *Interjection.*	*Undeclined.*

With his Hatt, Hat-band, Stockings, and Sandals suted, and marked, *A.B.C.* &c.

The other in a Taberd, or Heralds Coat of *Azure*, and *Gules* quarterly chang'd of Buckram; Limn'd with yellow, in stead of Gold, and pasted over with old Records of the two Shires, and certaine fragments of the Forrest, as a Coat of *Antiquitie*, and *President*, willing to be seene, but heard to be read, and as loth to be understood, without the Interpreter, who wore it: For the wrong end of the letters were turn'd upward, therefore was a labell fix'd to, *To the Curious Prier, advertising*:

Looke not so neere, with hope to understand;
Out-cept, Sir, you can read with the left hand.

Their Names were,

Accidence, Fitz-Ale.

Acci. BY your faire leave Gentlemen of Court; for leave is ever faire being ask'd; and granted is as light, according to our English Proverbe, *Leave is light.* Which is the *King* I pray you?

Fitz. Or rather the *Kings* Lieutenant? For we have nothing to say to the *King*, till we have spoken with my *Lord* Lieutenant.

Acc. Of *Nottinghamshire.*

Fitz. And *Darbyshire*, for he is both. And we have businesse to both sides of him from either of the Counties.

Acc. As farre as his Command stretches.

Fitz. Is this he?

Acc. This is no great man by his *timber* (as we say i' the Forrest) by his *thewe* she may. I 'll venture a Part of Speech, two, or three at him; to see how hee is declin'd. My Lord, Pleaseth your good Lordship, I am a poore Neighbour, here, of your Honours, i' the Countie.

Fitz. Mr *A-B-Cee Accidence*, my good Lord, Schoole-

master of *Mansfield*, the painfull Instructer of our Youth in their Countrey elements, as appeareth by the signe of correction, in his hat, with the trust of the Towne-Pen-and-Inke-horne, committed to the Sure-tie of his Girdle, from the whole Corporation.

Acc. This is the more remarkeable man, my very good Lord; Father *Fitz-ale*, Herald of *Darbie*, Light, and Lanthorne of both Counties; the learned *Antiquarie* o' the North: Conserver of the Records of either Forrest, as witnesseth the briefe Tabard, or Coat Armour he carries, being an industrious Collection of all the written, or reported *Wonders* of the *Peake.*

SAINT *Anne* of *Buxstons* boyling Well,
Or *Elden* bottomlesse, like Hell:
Pooles-hole, or *Satans* sumptuous Arse,
(Surreverence) with the Mine-mens Farce.
Such a light, and metall'd Dance
Saw you never yet in *France.*
And by Lead-men, for the nonce,
That turne round like grindlestones:
Which they dig out fro' the Delves,
For their Bairnes-bread, Wives, and fell's:
Whom the Whetstone sharpes to eat,
And cry Milstones are good meat.
He can flie o're hills, and dales,
And report you more odde tales,
Of our Outlaw *Robinhood*
That revell'd here in *Sherewood*;
And more stories of him show
(Though he ne're shot in his Bow.)
Then au' men, or beleeve, or know.

Fitz. Stint, stint, your Court,
Grow to be short,
Throw by your Clatter,
And handle the matter:

We come with our Peeres,
And crave your eares,
To present a Wedding,
Intended a bedding,
Of both the Shires.
Father *Fitz-ale*
Hath a Daughter stale
In *Darbie*-Towne,
Knowne, up, and downe
For a great Antiquitie:
And *Pem* she hight
A solemne Wight
As you should meet
In any street,
In that Ubiquitie.
Her, he hath brought
As having sought
By many a draught
Of Ale, and Craft;
With skill to graft
In some old Stock,
O' the Yeoman block,
And Forrest-blood,
Of old *Sherewood.*
And he hath found
Within the ground,
At last no Shrimpe,
Whereon to impe,
His jolly Club,
But a bold Stub
O' the right wood,

Fitz. A Champion good;
Who here in place,
Presents himselfe,
Like doughtie Elfe,
Of *Greenwood* Chase.

Here *Stub* the Bridegroome presented himselfe, being apparelled in a yellow Canvas Doublet, cut, a greene Jerkin, and Hose, like a Ranger. A Munmouth Cap, with a yellow Feather, yellow Stockings, and Shooes, for being to dance, he would not trouble himselfe with Bootes.

Stub of *Stub-hall*,
Soe doe him call;
But most doe say
Hee 's *Stub*, will stay;
To run his race,
Not run away

Acc. At *Quintin*, hee,
In honour of this Bridaltee,
Hath challeng'd either wide Countee;
Come *Cut*, and *Long-taile*. For there be
Sixe Batchelers, as bold as hee,
Adjuting to his Companee,
And each one hath his Liverie;

Fitz. Sixe *Hoods* they are, and of the blood,
They tell of ancient *Robinhood*.

Here the sixe *Hoods* presented themselves severally, in their Livory Hoods, whil'st *Fitz-ale* spoke on.

Red-hood the first that doth appeare — Red-hood.
In Stamel. Acc. Scarlet is too deare.

Fitz. Then *Green-hood*. Ac. He 's in *Kendal* Green, — Green-hood.
As in the Forrest Colour seene.

Fitz. Next *Blew-hood* is, and in that hue — Blew-hood.
Doth vaunt a heart as pure, and true
As is the Skie; (give him his due.)

Acc. Of old *England* the Yeoman blew.

Fitz. Then *Tawney* fra' the Kirke that came. — Tawney-hood.

Acc. And cleped was the Abbots man.

Fitz. With *Motley-hood*, the Man of Law. Motley-hood.
Acc. And *Russet-hood* keepes all in Awe. Russet-hood.
Bold Batchelers they are, and large,
And come in at the Countrey charge;
Horse, Bridles, Saddles, Stirrups, Girts,
All reckon'd o' the *Countie* skirts!
And all their Courses, misse, or hit,
Intended are, for the *Sheere*-wit,
And so to be receiv'd. Their game
Is Countrey sport, and hath a name
From the Place that beares the cost,
Else all the *Fat i' the Fire* were lost.
Goe Captaine *Stub*, lead on, and show
What house you come on, by the blow
You give Sir *Quintin*, and the Cuffe,
You scape o' th' Sand-bags Counterbuffe.

A Flourish. Stubs Course. 1.

Acc. O well run, Yeoman *Stub*!
Thou hast knock'd it, like a Club,
And made Sir *Quintin* know:
By this his race so good;
He himselfe is also wood;
As by his furious blow.

Flourish. Red-hoods Course. 2.

Fitz. Bravely run *Red-hood*,
There was a shock,
To have buff'd out the blood
From ought but a block.

Flourish. Greene-hoods Course. 3.

Acc. Well run *Green-hood*, got betweene,
Under the Sand-bag, he was seene,
Lowting low, like a For'ster greene:
Fitz. Hee knowes his tackle, and his treene.

Flourish. Blew-hoods Course. 4.

Acc. Gi' the old *England* Yeoman his due,
H' has hit Sir *Quin:* just i' the *Qu:*
Though that be black, yet he is blew.
It is a brave patch, and a new!

Flourish. Tawny-hoods Course. 5.

Fitz. Well run *Tawney*, the Abbots Churle
His Jade gave him a Jerk,
As he woul' have his Rider hurle
His Hood after the Kirke.
But he was wiser, and well beheft,
For this is all, that he hath left.

Flourish. Motley-hoods Course. 6.

Fitz. Or the Saddle turn'd round, or the Girths brake,
For low on the ground (wo' for his sake)
The Law is found.

Acc. Had his paire of tongues, not so much good,
To keepe his head, in his *Motley*-hood?

Flourish. Russet-hoods Course. 7.

Fitz. *Russet* ran fast, though he be throwne,

Acc. He lost no stirrup, for he had none.

1. His horse, it is the Heralds weft.
2. No 'tis a mare, and hath a cleft.
3. She is Countrey-borrow'd, and no vaile,
But 's hood is forfeit to *Fitz-ale.*

Here *Accidence* did breake them of, by calling them to the Dance, and to the *Bride*, who was drest like an old *May-Lady*, with Skarfes, and a great wrought Handkerchiefe, with red, and blew, and other habiliments. Sixe Maids attending on her, attir'd, with Buckram Bride-laces beguilt: White sleeves, and Stammell Petticotes, drest after the cleanliest Countrey guise; among whom Mistris *Alphabet*, Master *Accidence's* Daughter, did beare a prime sway.

The two Bride Squires, the *Cake-bearer*, and the *Boll-bearer*, were in two yellow leather Doublets, and russet Hose, like two twin-Clownes prest out for that office, with Livery Hatts, and Ribbands.

Acc. Come to the Bride; another fit,
Yet show, Sirs, o' your Countrey wit,
But o' your best. Let all the Steele
Of back, and braines fall to the heele;
And all the Quick-silver i' the mine
Run i' the foot-veines, and refine
Your *Firk-hum-Jerk-hum* to a Dance,
Shall fetch the Fiddles out of *France*;
To wonder at the Horne-pipes, here,
Of *Nottingham*, and *Darbishire.*

Fitz. With the Phant'sies of *Hey-troll*,
Trol about the Bride-all Boll,
And divide the broad Bride-Cake
Round about the Brides-stake.

Acc. With, here is to the fruit of *Pem*,

Fitz. Grafted upon *Stub* his Stem,

Acc. With the *Peakish* Nicetie,

Fitz. And old *Sherewoods* Vicetie.

The last of which words were set to a Tune, and sung to the Bagpipe, and Measure of their Dance; the Clownes, and companie of Spectators drinking, and eating the while.

The Song.

LET 'S sing about, and say, Hey-trol,
Troll to me the Bridall Boll,
And divide the broad Bride-Cake,
Round about the Brides-stake.
With, Here, is to the fruit of Pem,
Grafted upon Stub *his stem;*
With the Peakish *Nicetie,*
And old Sherewoods *Vicetie.*
But well daunc'd Pem *upon record,*
Above thy Yeoman, *or* May-Lord.

Here it was thought necessarie they should be broken off, by the comming in of an Officer, or servant of the *Lord Lieutenants*, whose face had put on, with his Clothes, an equall authoritie for the businesse.

Gentleman.

GIVE end unto your rudenesse: Know at length
Whose time, and patience you have urg'd, the *Kings.*
Whom if you knew, and truly, as you ought,
'T would strike a reverence in you, even to blushing,
That *King* whose love it is, to be your Parent!
Whose Office, and whose Charge, to be your Pastor!
Whose single watch, defendeth all your sleepes!
Whose labours, are your rests! whose thoughts and cares,
Breed you delights! whose bus'nesse, all your leasures!
And you to interrupt his serious houres,
With light, impertinent, unworthy objects,
Sights for your selves, and sav'ring your owne tast's;
You are too blame. Know your disease, and cure it,
Sports should not be obtruded on great Monarchs,
But wait when they will call for them as servants,
And meanest of their servants, since their price is
At highest, to be styl'd, but of their pleasures!
Our *King* is going now to a great worke
Of highest Love, Affection, and Example,
To see his Native *Countrey*, and his Cradle,
And find those manners there, which he suck'd in
With Nurses Milke, and Parents pietie!
O Sister *Scotland*! what hast thou deserv'd
Of joyfull *England*, giving us this *King*!
What Union (if thou lik'st) hast thou not made?
In knitting for Great *Brittaine* such a Garland?
And letting him, to weare it? Such a *King*!
As men would wish, that knew not how to hope
His like, but seeing him! A Prince, that 's Law
Unto himselfe. Is good, for goodnesse-sake;

And so becomes the Rule unto his Subjects!
That studies not to seeme, or to show great,
But be! Not drest for others eyes, and eares,
With Vizors, and false rumours; but make Fame
Wait on his Actions, and thence speake his Name!
O blesse his Goings out, and Commings in,
Thou mighty God of Heaven, lend him long
Unto the Nations, which yet scarcely know him,
Yet are most happy, by his Government.
Blesse his faire *Bed-mate*, and their certaine *Pledges*,
And never may he want those nerves in Fate;
For sure Succession fortifies a State.
Whilst he himselfe is mortall, let him feele
Nothing about him mortall, in his house;
Let him approve his young increasing *Charles*,
A loyall Sonne: and take him long to be
An aid, before he be a Successor.
Late, come that day, that Heaven will aske him from us:
Let our Grand-child, and their issue, long
Expect it, and not see it. Let us pray
That Fortune never know to exercise
More power upon him, then as *Charles* his servant,
And his great *Brittaines* slave: ever to waite
Bond-woman to the GENIUS of this State.

Perform'd, the xxi. of May.

1633.

LOVES
WEL-COME.
THE
KING AND QUEENES
ENTERTAINMENT
AT
BOLSOVER:
AT
The Earle of *Newcastles*,
The thirtieth of July,
1634.

The Song at the Banquet; Sung by two *Tenors*, and a *Base.*

IF Love *be call'd a lifting of the* Sense
To knowledge of that pure intelligence, Chorus.
Wherein the Soule *hath rest, and residence:*

1. Ten. *When were the* Senses *in such order plac'd?*
2. Ten. *The* Sight, *the* Hearing, Smelling, Touching, Taste,
All at one Banquet? Bas. *'Would it ever last!*

1. *Wee wish the same: who set it forth thus?* Bas. Love!
2. *But to what end, or to what object?* Bas. Love!
1. *Doth* Love *then feast it selfe?* Bas. Love *will feast* Love!

2. *You make of* Love, *a riddle, or a chaine,*
A circle, a mere knott, untie 't againe.

Bas. Love *is a Circle, both the first, and last*
Of all our Actions, and his knotts, too, fast.

1. *A true-love Knot, will hardly be unti'd,*
And if it could, who would this Payre divide.

Bas. *God made them such, and* Love. 2. Ten. *Who is aring,*
The likest to the yeare of any thing,
2. *And runs into it selfe.* Bas. *Then let us sing,*
And run into one sound.

Chorus. *Let* Welcome *fill*
Our thoughts, hearts, voyces, and that one word trill,
Through all our Language, Welcome, Welcome *still.*

Complement.

1. *Could we put on the beautie of all Creatures,*
2. *Sing in the Aire, and notes of Nightingales,*
1. *Exhale the sweets of Earth, and all her features,*
2. *And tell you, softer then in Silke, these tales,*
Bas. Welcome *should season all for* Taste.

Chorus. *And hence,*
At every real banquet to the Sense,
Welcome, *true* Welcome *fill the* Complements.

After the Banquet, the King and Queene retir'd, were entertain'd with Coronell Vitruvius *his Oration to his Dance of Mechanickes.*

Vit. COME forth, boldly put forth, i' your Holy-day Clothes, every Mothers Sonne of you. This is the *King*, and *Queenes*, Majesticall Holy-day. My Lord has it granted from them; I had it granted from my Lord: and

doe give it unto you *gratis*, that is *bonâ fide*, with the faith of a Surveyour, your Coronell *Vitruvius*. Doe you know what a Surveyour is now? I tell you a Supervisor! A hard word, that; but it may be softned, and brought in, to signifie something. An Overseer! One that oversee-eth you. A busie man! And yet I must seeme busier then I am, (as the Poet sings, but which of them, I will not now trouble my selfe to tell you.) O Captaine *Smith*! or Hammer-armed *Vulcan*! with your three Sledges, you are our Musique, you come a little too tardie; but wee remit that, to your polt-foot, we know you are lame. Plant your selves there, and beat your time out at the Anvile. *Time*, and *Measure*, are the Father, and Mother of Musique, you know, and your Coronell *Vitruvius* knowes a little. O *Chesil*! our curious Carver! and Master *Maul*, our Free-Mason; *Squire Summer*, our Carpenter, and *Twybil* his Man; stand you foure, there, i' the second ranke, worke upon that ground. And you *Dresser*, the Plomber; *Quarrel*, the Glasier; *Fret*, the Plaisterer; and *Beater*, the Morterman; put all you on i' the reere, as finishers in true footing, with Tune, and Measure. *Measure* is the Soule of a Dance, and *Tune* the Ticklefoot thereof. Use Holy-day legges, and have 'hem: Spring, Leape, Caper, and Gingle; Pumpes, and Ribbands, shall be your reward, till the Soles of your feet swell, with the surfet of your light and nimble Motion.

The first Quaternio. Captaine Smith, or Vulcan, with three Cyclops.

The second Quatern:
Chesil. The Carver.
Maul. The Free-Mason.
Sq. Sûmer. The Carpenter.
Twybil. His Man.
The Third Quaternio.
Dresser. The Plomber.
Quarel. The Glaisier.
Fret. The Plaisterer.
Beater. The Morter-man.

Well done, my Musicall, Arithmeticall, Geometricall Gamesters! or rather my true Mathematicall Boyes! It is carried, in number, weight, and measure, as if the Aires were all Harmonie, and the Figures a well-tim'd Proportion! I cry still; Deserve Holy-dayes, and have 'hem. I'le have a whole

They begun to Dance.

Quarter of the yeare cut out for you in Holy-dayes, and lac'd with Statute-Tunes, and Dances; fitted to the activitie of your Tressels, to which you shall trust, Ladds, in the name of your *Iniquo Vitruvius.* Hay for the Lilly, for, and the blended Rose.

The Dance ended.

And the King, and Queene, having a second Banquet, set downe before them from the Cloudes by two Loves; One, as the Kings, the other as the Queenes; differenced by their Garlands only: His of White, and Red Roses; the other of Lilly's inter-weav'd, Gold, Silver, Purple, *&c.* With a bough of Palme (in his hand) cleft a little at the top. They were both arm'd, and wing'd: with Bowes and Quivers, Cassocks, Breeches, Buskins, Gloves, and Perukes alike. They stood silent awhile, wondring at one another, till at last the lesser of them began to speake.

Eros. Anteros.

Er. ANOTHER *Cupid*? An. Yes, your second selfe,
A Sonne of *Venus*, and as meere an elfe,
And wagge as you. Er. *Eros*? An. No, *Anteros*:
Your Brother, *Cupid*, yet not sent to cross',
Or spie into your favours, here, at Court.
Eros. What then? An. To serve you, Brother, and report
Your graces from the Queenes side to the Kings,
In whose name I salute you. Er. Breake my wings?
I feare you will. An. O be not jealous, Brother!
What bough is this? Er. A Palme. An. Give me 't. Er. Another
You may have. An. I will this. Er. Divide it. An. So.

Anteros snatch'd at the Palme, but Eros divided it.

This was right Brother-like! The world will know
By this one Act, both natures. You are *Love*,
I *Love*, againe. In these two Spheares we move,

Eros, and *Anteros*. Er. We ha' cleft the bough,
And struck a tallie of our loves, too, now.
An. I call to mind the wisdome of our Mother
Venus, who would have *Cupid* have a Brother—
Er. To looke upon, and thrive. Mee seemes I grew
Three inches higher sin' I met with you.
It was the Counsell, that the *Oracle* gave
Your Nurses the glad *Graces*, sent to crave
Themis advice. You doe not know (quoth shee)
The nature of this Infant. *Love* may be
Brought forth thus little, live a-while alone,
But ne're will prosper, if he have not one
Sent after him to play with. Er. Such another
As you are *Anteros*, our loving brother.
An. Who would be alwayes, planted, in your eye;
For Love, by Love increaseth mutually.
Er. Wee, either, looking on each other, thrive;
An. Shoot up, grow galliard— Er. Yes, and more alive!
An. When one 's away, it seemes we both are lesse.
Er. I was a Dwarfe, an Urchin, I confesse,
Till you were present. An. But a bird of wing,
Now, fit to flie before a Queene, or King.
Er. I ha' not one sick feather sin' you came,
But turn'd a jollier *Cupid*. An. Then I am.
Er. I love my Mothers braine, could thus provide
For both in Court, and give us each our side,
Where we might meet. An. Embrace. Er. Circle
each other.
An. Conferre, and whisper. Er. Brother, with a Brother.
An. And by this sweet Contention for the *Palme*,
Unite our appetites, and make them calme.
Er. To will, and nill one thing. An. And so to move
Affection in our Wills, as in our Love.
Er. It is the place sure breeds it, where wee are,
An. The King, and Queenes Court, which is circular,
And perfect. Er. The pure schoole that we live in,
And is of purer Love, a Discipline.

Philalethes.

NO more of your Poetrie (prettie *Cupids*) lest presuming on your little wits, you prophane the intention of your service. The Place I confesse, wherein (by the Providence of your Mother *Venus*) you are now planted, is the divine Schoole of Love. An Academie, or Court, where all the true lessons of Love are throughly read and taught. The Reasons, the Proportions, and Harmonie, drawne forth in analytick Tables, and made demonstrable to the *Senses*. Which if you (Brethren) should report, and sweare to, would hardly get credit above a Fable, here in the edge of *Darbyshire* (the region of Ale) because you relate in Rime. O, that Rime is a shrewd disease, and makes all suspected it would perswade. Leave it, prettie *Cupids*, leave it. Rime will undoe you, and hinder your growth, and reputation in Court, more then any thing beside you have either mention'd, or fear'd. If you dable in Poëtrie once, it is done of your being believ'd, or understood here. No man will trust you in this Verge, but conclude you for a meere case of Canters, or a paire of wandring Gipsies.

Returne to your selves (little Deities) and admire the Miracles you serve, this excellent *King*, and his unparallel'd *Queene*, who are the Canons, the Decretals, and whole Schoole-Divinitie of Love. Contemplate, and studie them. Here shall you read *Hymen*, having lighted two Torches, either of which enflame mutually, but waste not. One Love by the others aspect increasing, and both in the right lines of aspiring. The Fates spinning them round and even threds, and of their whitest wooll, without brack, or purle. Fortune, and Time fetter'd at their feet with Adamantine Chaines, their wings deplum'd, for starting from them. All amiablenesse in the richest dresse of delight and colours, courting the season to tarry by them, and make the *Idea* of their Felicitie perfect; together

with the love, knowledge, and dutie of their Subjects perpetuall. So wisheth the glad, and gratefull Client, seated here, the over-joy'd Master of the house; and prayeth that the whole Region about him could speake but his language. Which is, that first the Peoples love would let that People know their owne happinesse, and that knowledge could confirme their duties, to an admiration of your sacred Persons; discended, one from the most peacefull, the other the most warlike, both your pious, and just progenitors; from whom, as out of Peace came Strength, and out of the Strong came sweetnesse, alluding to the holy Riddle, so in you joyn'd by holy marriage in the flower and ripenesse of yeares, live the promise of a numerous Succession to your Scepters, and a strength to secure your owne Ilands, with their owne Ocean, but more your owne Palme-branches, the Types of perpetuall Victorie. To which, two words be added, a zealous *Amen*, and ever rounded, with a Crowne of *Welcome*. Welcome,
Welcome.

CAMBRIDGE: PRINTED BY JOHN CLAY, M.A. AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

REC'D LD-URL
FEB 1 8 1988

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

AA 000 346 377 5

3 1158 00848 1912

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
THIS BOOK CARD

THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES

University Research Library

CALL NUMBER
PR2625 U56 1640A
SER VOL PT COP
AUTHOR

IBM L30202